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Newton, Harry Lee  
The coming champion.

Contents:

The coming champion.  
The darktown fire brigade.  
Memphis Mose, war correspondent.  
The pugilist and the lady.  
Shylock Bones.  
What happened to Hannah.



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# DENISON'S BLACKFACE SERIES



The Coming  
Champion

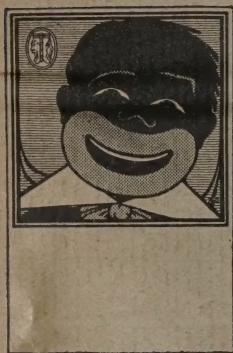


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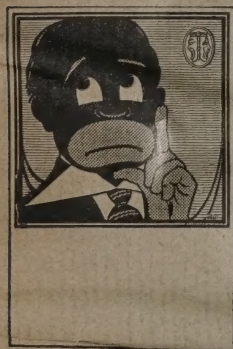


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**T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers**

623 S. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO



# The Coming Champion

A COLORED SKETCH WITH A  
BURLESQUE BOXING  
BOUT

BY

HARRY L. NEWTON

AUTHOR OF

*"Breakfast Food for Two," "A Bundle of Burnt Cork Cornedy,"*  
*"A Cold Finish," "Doings of a Dude," "A Dutch Cocktail,"*  
*"Fresh Timothy Hay," "The Heiress of Hoetown," "Glickman*  
*the Glazier," "Hey, Rubel!" "Jayville Junction," "Marriage*  
*and After," "Mr. and Mrs. Fido," "One Sweetheart for*  
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*Ante-Up," "Pickles for Two," "The Pooh Bah of*  
*Peacetown," "Si and I," "A Special Sale,"*  
*"A Tramp With a Tramp," "The Troubles*  
*of Rozinski," "Two Jay Detectives,"*  
*"Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville,"*  
*and "Words to the Wise."*



MADE IN U. S. A.

CHICAGO

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PUBLISHERS

# THE COMING CHAMPION

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## CHARACTERS.

ALEXANDER WHITE ..... *A Waiter*  
DOOLITTLE BLACK..... *A Fight Promoter*

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TIME—*Today.*

---

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty Minutes.*

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## COSTUMES.

WHITE—Long white apron and waiter's white coat. Face made up very black. Droll in speech and action, using strong negro dialect.

BLACK—Flashy suit, loud tie, low shoes displaying socks of bright color. Face made up brown (mulatto). Quick in speech and action and affecting the genteel.

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## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; 1 *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

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## THE COMING CHAMPION

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SCENE: *A cheap restaurant. Door C. Table covered with red and white tablecloth, dishes, etc., R. of C. Chair at each side of table. Telephone on table.*

*At rise of curtain* WHITE is discovered seated in chair, leaning back, with both feet elevated on table, reading newspaper. Then enter BLACK, brisk manner. He has a suitcase in one hand, in which is a set of boxing gloves. He goes to table and slams suit case on it.

BLACK. Ah, good morning. Reading a paper, aren't you?

WHITE. No. I'm takin' a bath in a half pint of milk, on board a ship crossing the Rocky Mountains.

BLACK (*laughs*). You're all right. (*Slaps him heavily on back.*) You're a bright boy. (*Slaps him again.*)

WHITE (*wincing from the blows and edging away*). I'm glad yo' like me.

BLACK. You don't know who I am, do you?

WHITE. No, and you don't know who I am, nuther.

BLACK. It doesn't matter in the least. I like you immense. (*Swings a heavy blow at WHITE'S back, but misses as WHITE ducks.*)

WHITE. Say, yo' got a funny way of *likin'* a person. I'm glad yo' don't love me.

BLACK. Oh, that's merely my way, my boy. I'm going to introduce myself. Are you ready?

WHITE (*rising from chair and backing away*). No, sah. I ain't ready. If yo' slap me dat hard when yo' *don't* know me, the Lord knows what yo'll do to me when yo' do.



BLACK. The introduction shall be painless. My name is Doolittle Black, prize fight promoter. Do you get me?

WHITE (*rubbing his shoulder ruefully*). Yes, sah. I done got yo' de fust time.

BLACK. Good. Now that we 'are acquainted—oh, by the way. This is a restaurant, is it not? (*Looks about.*)

WHITE. Yes, it is *not*.

BLACK. The sign outside says it is.

WHITE. Well, yo' musn't believe in signs.

BLACK. I'm going to take a chance. The table reminds me of something to eat. You look like a waiter. I guess I'll eat. (*Sets suitcase on floor, then sits at table.*)

WHITE. Yo' guess what?

BLACK. I guess I'll eat.

WHITE. Yo' got some more guesses comin'.

BLACK. Say, what is this, a joke?

WHITE. Yo' said it. This heah cafe am de biggest joke I ever saw.

BLACK. Well, you eat here, don't you?

WHITE. No, sah. I work heah; but, honest, I don't eat heah.

BLACK (*picks up bill of fare*). Say, I've got an idea.

WHITE. Give it to me and I'll eat it.

BLACK (*laughs heartily*). That's a good joke—very funny. Why don't you laugh?

WHITE. I'm too hungry.

BLACK. Hungry? And working in a restaurant? Then, why don't you leave?

WHITE. I'm too weak.

BLACK (*scans bill of fare*). Let me see—

WHITE (*interrupting*). Do you wish soup?

BLACK. No. No soup.

WHITE (*goes to side and yells off stage*). No soup! (*Comes back to table.*)

BLACK. Have you any—

WHITE (*interrupting*). No, sah—not a bit.

BLACK. Why, you don't know what I was about to ask for.

WHITE. Don't make any difference—we ain't got it. Will yo' have some soup?

BLACK (*impatiently*). No—no soup.

WHITE (*goes to side and calls off*). No soup. (*Comes back to table again.*)

BLACK (*running finger up and down bill of fare*). Now, what would you say to a nice steak?

WHITE. Not a word. I'd jes' eat it.

BLACK. Well, *you* suggest something, then.

WHITE. Soup?

BLACK (*angrily*). No! No soup.

WHITE (*goes to side and calls off*). No soup! (*Comes back to table again.*)

BLACK. Say, how many times do I have to tell you that I don't want soup?

WHITE. I don't know, sah. What's de answer?

BLACK (*laughs*). Oh, it's no use to get angry. But you have interested me in this soup of yours. What kind of soup is it?

WHITE. Shadow soup.

BLACK. And what kind of soup is shadow soup?

WHITE. Well, sah, yo'all takes a chicken and hangs it in the sun, set a plate under it and yo' have shadow soup.

BLACK. Great! But hold on. Suppose it's a cloudy day and there is no sun?

WHITE. Den dere am no soup.

BLACK. Well, well; I'll pass up the soup question. I don't want any.

WHITE. Maybe your brother would like some soup.

BLACK. I have no brother.

WHITE. Well, if yo' did have a brother, would he want some soup?

BLACK (*laughs*). You're a bright boy. Have you got a brother?

WHITE. Sure. I got three brothers. Two livin' and one married.

BLACK. Oh, go on.

WHITE. Yo' know one of mah brothers was a street car conductor for ten years. He had a "pull" wid de company, but yesterday he done git discharged.

BLACK. Discharged? Why, you just said he had a "pull."

WHITE. He did, but he didn't use it on de cash register.

BLACK. I see.

WHITE. So did de company.

BLACK. Have you any children?

WHITE. Yes, sah. I done got one. It talks all de time.

BLACK. Boy or girl?

WHITE. What's de use askin' foolish questions? Didn't I say it talked all de time?

BLACK. I see again. Then you must be married if you have a child.

WHITE. Sure, I done got a wife.

BLACK. That's nice. I wish I had one.

WHITE. Yo' kin have mine.

BLACK. What? Aren't you happy?

WHITE. I'm happy, I reckon. Yo' know my wife am de commander-in-chief in de house.

BLACK. And what are you?

WHITE. I'm only de paymaster.

(Telephone bell rings.)

BLACK. I'll bet that's for me. (*Puts receiver to ear, speaks in phone.*) Hello! Hello! Yes, this is Black. What? Yes, I told you I'd wait here till you called up. (*Excitedly, after a short pause.*) What's that? Broke his arm? Give me that again. Say, don't tell me that. Why, the fight will have to be called off. He can't fight with a broken arm. Find somebody else to take his place? Say, don't talk silly. That's impossible. That fight comes off in a week—hold on, man; don't ring off—here, just a minute. (*Jerks hook up and down several times, then yells in phone.*) Hello! Hello! Just a minute—don't go. (*Hangs up receiver, disgustedly.*) Well, what do you think of that for hard luck. (*Turns to WHITE.*) Wouldn't that make you tired?

WHITE. Yes, sah. I done been tired fo' a week.

BLACK (*rises and paces back and forth excitedly*) Just to think. We had everything arranged for this big prize fight



—championship battle of the world, mind you—and now Sam Jackson's gone and broken his arm. Isn't that a nice sickle to be in?

WHITE. Dat sure am too bad, sah.

BLACK. Too bad? It's worse than that. Just think of it. Sam Jackson, colored champion of the world—can't fight. (*Stops suddenly as if struck with an idea, looks at WHITE from head to foot.*) By George! I've got it. You are just the man!

WHITE (*nervously*). What—what's de matter?

BLACK. You shall take Sam Jackson's place and fight for the championship of the world. Were you ever in a fight?

WHITE. Well, I had a fight once, but I wasn't in it.

BLACK. Can you fight?

WHITE. No, sah. But I'm a darn good runner.

BLACK (*close to WHITE, feels of his arms, thumps him in chest, etc.*). Great! Immense! Wonderful! (*Slaps him in jaw.*) Solid as a rock. (*Holding him, jabbing and slapping biz.*)

WHITE (*trying to get away*). Go on, man. What yo' trying to do to me?

BLACK. Simply testing you, my boy. I used to think there was but one perfect man in the world—but you—say, you've got it all over Sam Jackson. You've got no business being a waiter. You are the coming champion, my boy.

WHITE (*moving toward door*). No, sah. Yo' am wrong. I'm the goin' kid, Mister Man.

BLACK. Come back here. Fortune is knocking at your door.

WHITE (*near exit*). Jes' tell Fortune I ain't in.

BLACK. Oh, nonsense! Do you realize what it means to you? All you got to do is lick the other fellow—that's all.

WHITE. Suppose the other fellow won't allow me to lick him?

BLACK. He can't help himself. You'll put him to sleep with one punch.

WHITE. Say, if you'll put him to sleep first, I'll agree to deliver de punch, otherwise I stick to mah present situation.

BLACK. It's a cinch, I tell you. Come here. (WHITE *comes to table.*) Now take off that coat and apron. (*Takes off his own coat and vest.*)

WHITE. I'm purty comfortable like de way I is, sah.

BLACK (*rolling up shirt sleeves*). Take 'em off or I'll do it for you.

WHITE (*takes coat and apron off while speaking*). Yo' got a kind of fierce way about yo' what I don't admire.

BLACK (*opening suitcase and getting out boxing gloves while speaking*). I'm glad to see you're open to argument. (*Throws pair of gloves at WHITE.*) Those are yours.

WHITE (*picking gloves up*). Many, many thanks, sah. (*Starts for door with gloves.*)

BLACK. Hold on—come back here.

WHITE. What fo'? (*Near exit.*)

BLACK. Why, I'm not through with you yet. The auspicious moment has arrived. (*Puts gloves on hands.*)

WHITE. Looks like de suspicious moment to me.

BLACK. I must see if you are there with the gloves.

WHITE. No, sah. I am heah wid de gloves, and I consider dat I shall remain heah.

BLACK. Your training starts immediately. It will consist of running and boxing.

WHITE. Yes, sah. I reckon I'll start de runnin' part now.

BLACK. No, you won't. You come here and box with me. I want to see if you can knock me down.

WHITE. Yo' nevah done nothin' to me. I don't want to knock you down.

BLACK. Cut out the talk—cut it out. You will put on those gloves and we will spar three three-minute rounds. If I kill you I will give you a hundred dollars.

WHITE (*blinks his eyes in terror*). Boss, I don't need a hundred dollars dat bad. Jes' give me two bits and I'll call it square.

BLACK. Oh, I won't kill you. Come on, now—on with the gloves. (*Assumes fighting attitude.*)

WHITE (*putting gloves on in awkward manner*). Boss, I'll put dem on, but honest, I don't see a bit of hope fo' mah future. (*They move table back out of the way.*)

BLACK. Now put up your hands.

WHITE (*puts both hands high above head*). Yas, sah.

BLACK (*jabs him in face*). You rummie. I could knock your block off if I wanted to.

WHITE (*taking gloves off and throwing them on floor in disgusted manner*). Lord sakes! Fust yo' tell me to put up mah hands, den yo' punch mah nose 'cause I do.

BLACK. Oh, I was only kiddin'. Put the gloves on again. That was merely the first lesson in the school of boxing.

WHITE (*rubbing nose ruefully, then holding one hand up and snapping fingers*). Teacher, can I go out?

BLACK. No. Just wait a minute and I'll knock you out. Put on those gloves.

WHITE (*putting on gloves*). Yo' know mah hands ain't cold. I don't need no gloves.

BLACK. Now, then, are you ready? (*Fighting pose.*)

WHITE. I is and I ain't.

BLACK. Oh, by the way. Does your wife know where to send for you?

WHITE. She nevah sends fo' me.

BLACK. She will today. (*Makes two or three feints, then slaps WHITE on jaw.*) Say, you want to stop those blows, you know.

WHITE. Stop 'em? Lordy sakes, I done did stop it. (*Rubs jaw.*)

BLACK. I mean with your hands or arms, you rummie. Now look out. (*Dances around WHITE, then plants two or three stinging blows on neck and face, then stops disgustedly.*) Oh, say, this is too easy. Whoever told you that you were a fighter?

WHITE. Yo' did.

BLACK. I was sure mistaken. Now try and hit me. (*Dances about, ducking, etc.*)

WHITE (*after vainly trying to hit BLACK*). Say, boss, fo' Lord's sake, stand still. I can't hit yo' if yo' fly around like dat.



BLACK. That's the scientific part of it. Now, see how easy I can hit you. (*Soaks WHITE in eye.*)

WHITE (*holding gloves to eye*). Hold on, boss. Hold on. Have yo' all got a match?

BLACK. A match? What in the world do you want of a match?

WHITE. My lamp is out.

BLACK. Well, I might as well put out the other one, then. (*Dances about WHITE, landing blows on various parts of the body, WHITE covering and trying to evade them.*) Come on. Don't act like an old woman. Come on and toe the scratch.

WHITE. Which scratch? Land sakes, I'm all scratches.

BLACK. I'll show you. Here's a good one. (*Punches WHITE in stomach and WHITE falls to floor.*) How'd you like that one?

WHITE (*sitting up with both hands on stomach*). Don't talk to me. I'm seasick. (*Lays flat on floor, looking up.*) My, how high the sky is today.

BLACK. Well, come on and get up. I can't hit you down there.

WHITE. Why can't yo'?

BLACK. It's against Rule Five, Marquis of Queensbury, to hit a man when he's down.

WHITE. Gosh, I'm glad of dat. I'm goin' to stay right where I is. I sure do like dat rule.

BLACK. We'll call that the first round, and now get up for the second round.

WHITE. I reckon I'll fight the second round accordin' to Rule Five, Mar'Cause of Goosberry. I sure am fond of dat rule.

BLACK. No. Get up.

WHITE. What's de use? Yo'll knock me down again. (*Rises slowly to feet.*)

BLACK. All champions have to get trimmed when they are beginners. Remember, you are the coming champion.

WHITE. Yes, sah.

(*Now ensues about a minute of burlesque boxing, during which BLACK hits WHITE at will, knocking him about stage.*)

WHITE *meanwhile trying to hit BLACK, then ending by falling to floor without actually being struck by BLACK.*)

WHITE (*holding up hands*). Rule Five! Rule Five!

BLACK. Rule nothing. You fell down without me knocking you down. You're a fine fighter. Why, you can't fight a little bit.

WHITE (*rising quickly to feet*). Yo' think I can't, eh? (*Pulls off collar and tie, rolls up shirt sleeves, then rolls up legs of trousers to knees.*) Yo' think I can't fight, eh? Say, does yo' wife know where yo' is? (*Swings right and soaks BLACK in neck.*) Am dere any final message dat yo' wish sent to de loved ones at home? (*Swings left and soaks BLACK on side of head.*)

BLACK (*backing away*). Here, here. Hold on.

WHITE (*following him closely*). Yo' want to stop some of these. (*Uppercuts BLACK.*) Come on and scratch de toe.

BLACK (*trying to evade the shower of blows*). Let me explain—let me explain.

WHITE. Yo' done gone explained a while back. Now it's mah turn to explain. (*Soaks BLACK.*) Say, whoever told yo' dat yo' was a fighter? (*Soaks him again.*) Oh, dis am too easy.

(*Now ensues a repetition of the previous burlesque boxing, only this time WHITE lands all the blows, knocking BLACK about stage, kicking him, etc., ending by BLACK falling to floor from a shower of blows. He lays prostrate there. WHITE takes off one glove and slams it down on BLACK.*)

WHITE. There, doggone you! Take dat! (*Takes off other glove and slams that down on BLACK.*) And also likewise and forthwith take dat, too. (*Puts one foot on BLACK's form, raises one hand high above head, posing effect.*) De comin' champion has came.

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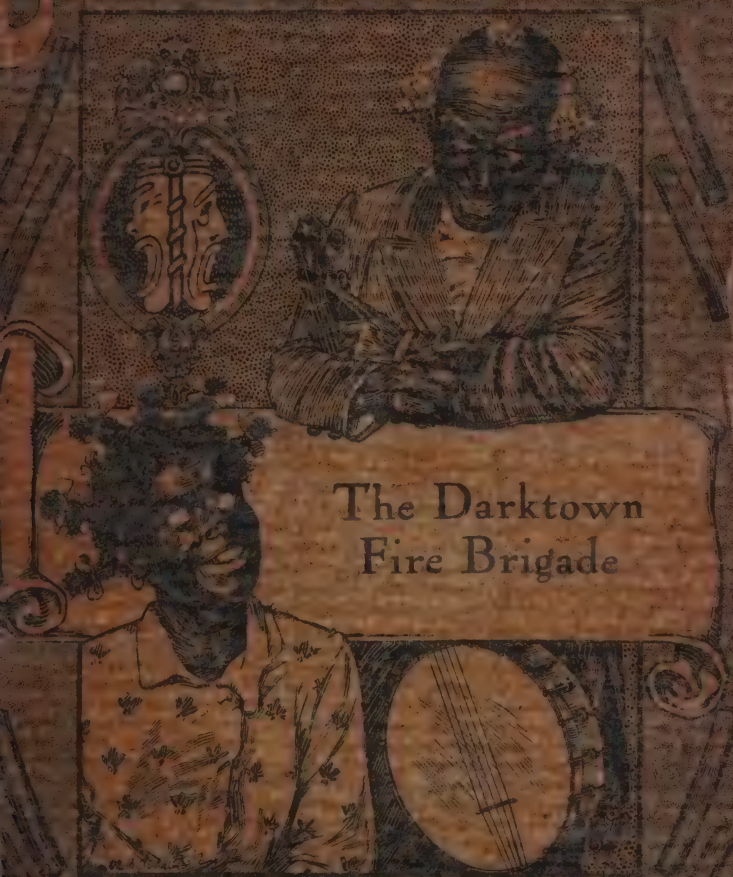
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Busy Liar, 3 acts, 2 1/4 h. ....	(25c)	7	4
Call of the Colors, 2 acts, 1 1/2 hrs. ....	(25c)	4	10
Call of Wobelo, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	10	10
Camouflage of Shirley, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(35c)	8	10
Cable Service, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(35c)	6	5
College Town, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	9	8
Danger Signal, 2 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	7	4
Daughter of the Desert, 4 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	6	4
Deacon Dubs, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	5	5
Deacon Entangled, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	6	4
Down in Dixie, 4 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	8	4
Dream That Came True, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	6	13
Editor-in-Chief, 1 hr. ....	(25c)	10	10
Enchanted Wood, 1 1/2 h. ....	(35c) Optnl.		
Everybody's, 3 acts, 1 1/2 h. ....	(25c)	7	6
Face at the Window, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	4	4
Fifty Fifty, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(35c)	6	8
Fun on the Podunk Limited, 1 1/2 hrs. ....	(25c)	9	14
Her Honor, the Mayor, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	3	3
High School Freshman, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	12	12
Indian Days, 1 hr. ....	(50c)	5	5
In Plum Valley, 4 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	6	4
Jayville Junction, 1 1/2 hrs. ....	(25c)	4	4
Kicked Out of College, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(50c)	10	9
Kingdom of Heart's Content, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	6	12
Lady of the Library, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	5	10
Laughing Cure, 2 acts, 1 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	4	5
Lighthouse Nan, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	5	4
Little Buckshot, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	7	4
Little Coddhopper, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	3	4
Mirandy's Minstrels, ....	(25c) Optnl.		
Mrs. Tubbs Does Her Bit, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	7	7
Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	4	7
Old Fashioned Mother, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	6	6
Old Maid's Club, 1 1/2 hrs. ....	(25c)	2	16
Old Oaken Bucket, 4 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	8	10
Old School at Hickory Hollow, 1 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	12	9
On the Little Big Horn, 4 acts, 2 1/2 hrs. ....	(25c)	10	4
Poor Married Man, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	4	4
Prairie Rose, 3 acts, 2 1/4 h. ....	(25c)	7	4
Rummage Sale, 50 min. ....	(25c)	4	10
Rustic Romeo, 2 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	10	13
Safety First, 3 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(25c)	5	5
Savageland, 2 acts, 2 1/4 hrs. ....	(50c)	5	5
School Ma'am, 4 acts, 1 1/2 hrs. ....	(25c)	6	6
Sewing for the Heathen, 40 min. ....	(25c)		
Southern Cinderella, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)		
Spark of Life, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	4	4
Spell of the Image, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	10	10
Star Bright, 3 acts, 2 1/2 h. ....	(25c)	6	5
Teacher, Kin I Go Home? 2 scenes, 35 min. ....	(25c)	5	3
Those Dreadful Twins, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	6	4
Thread of Destiny, 3 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	9	10
Tony, the Convict, 5 acts, 2 1/2 hrs. ....	(25c)	7	4

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago



# THE DARKTOWN FIRE BRIGADE

A MINSTREL AFTERPIECE

BY

HARRY L. NEWTON

AUTHOR OF

*"A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy," "The Booster Club of Blackville," "A Colored Honeymoon," "The Coontown Thirteen Club," "The Goodfellow," "Good Mornin', Judge," "The Heiress of Hoetown," "Jayville Junction," "Laughland, via the Ha Ha Route," "Memphis Mose, War Correspondent," "Minstrel Cross-Fire," "Oh, Doctor!" "A Rehearsal at Ten," "What Happened to Hannah," Etc.*



CHICAGO  
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

# THE DARKTOWN FIRE BRIGADE

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## CHARACTERS.

BEN DUNN .....	<i>The New Chief</i>
KNOTT YETT .....	<i>First Assistant Chief</i>
MAINE STREET .....	<i>Second Assistant Chief</i>
KNOWSA LITTLE .....	<i>Third Assistant Chief</i>
GONE BACK .....	<i>The Captain</i>
COLDEN WETT .....	<i>Assistant Captain</i>
A. LITTLE WEAK .....	<i>The Lieutenant</i>
WELLAND STRONG .....	<i>Assistant Lieutenant</i>
GETTING A. LONG .....	<i>The "Company"</i>
O. PURTY GOODE .....	<i>Assistant "Company"</i>

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SCENE—*Interior of a Fire Engine House.*

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TIME—*Some Evening.*

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PLACE—*Darktown; Some State.*

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TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty-five Minutes.*

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## COSTUMES.

BEN DUNN—Misfit Tuxedo suit and fire helmet. On coat and vest are a number of burlesque medals (tin tags, etc.). Very pompous in manner and speech, as becomes his exalted position.

KNOTT YETT, MAINE STREET, KNOWSA LITTLE, GONE BACK, COLDEN WETT, A. LITTLE WEAK and WELLAND STRONG all wear misfit evening clothes and fire helmets.

GETTING A. LONG—Red woolen shirt, white pants and old silk hat.

O. PURTY GOODE—Red woolen shirt, rubber coat and boots and large straw hat.

NOTE.—BEN DUNN, KNOTT YETT, GETTING A. LONG and O. PURTY GOODE are the chief comedians.

GONE BACK, COLDEN WETT, A. LITTLE WEAK and WELLAND STRONG should be singers and form the quartette.

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 PROPERTIES.

Telephone on table; deck of cards; wooden razor for Long; paper money for quartette; pair of dice for Strong; slip of paper, watch, cigar and matches for Dunn; garden hose; toy fire engine and hook and ladder; bugle to be used off stage.

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 STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; C., center; R C., right center; L., left; 1 E., first entrance; U. E., upper entrance; R. 3 E., right entrance, up stage, etc.; R. D., right door; L. D., left door, etc.; D. F., door in flat or back of the stage; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights; 1 G., first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

Gen res. Knott 10 Nov 56  
 Minn. Pl. Ch. Str.

# THE DARKTOWN FIRE BRIGADE

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SCENE: *Assembly room in a fire engine house. Box setting, with practical door L and large door C., opening on street. At center is table four by six feet, eight chairs. On table is a telephone. On back flat is a large gong, to ring at finale. At R. of C. a rope is suspended from fly-loft to floor of stage, of sufficient strength to sustain the weight of two men. Rope is suggested in place of brass pole seen in fire houses and used by firemen to slide from sleeping quarters to assembly room. Fire axes are a part of wall decorations, while a couple of fire extinguishers are placed about the room.*

*At rise, GONE BACK, COLDEN WETT, A. LITTLE WEAK and WELLAND STRONG are discovered seated at table. They are playing cards and singing a rollicking song. After song they continue their supposed card game.*

*Enter LONG and GOODE, L.*

LONG (*to card players*). Look a heah; yo' all got to stop dat card game.

GOODE. Yes, dis heah ain't no gamblin' joint. Dis am a fire engine house company business. (*The players pay no attention and continue their game.*)

LONG. 'Course we ain't doin' no fire business jes' now, but yo' kaint never tell. We *might* has a fire.

GOODE (*sarcastically*). Yah; we *might*.

LONG. And o' course 'Ah don't want to be rough or nothin', but if yo' all don't stop dat game, Ah jes' gott-a make yo'.

BACK (*looking from LONG to GOODE*). Was yo' gemmen addressin' yer vocabulary to us gemmen?

WETT. If so, kindly elucidate wid more enraptured speech.



WEAK. We are not in de habit of comin' in direct contact wid plain liver-lip niggers.

STRONG. Therefore confine yer immediate and undivided attention to another part of de adjacent atmosphere. (*They resume card playing.*)

LONG (*looking at the four players and then at GOODE*). Well, yo' heerd what dey done called yo'. What yo' gwine ter do 'bout it?

GOODE (*doubtfully and scratching head*). Ah don't know what yo' am gwine ter do, but if dey called *me* names like dat, Ah'd make 'em prove it.

BACK (*to GOODE*). Oh, dat done include yo', too.

GOODE (*angrily*). Does yo' mean dat?

BACK (*springing to his feet threateningly*). Ah sure does, yo' smoky chunk of atmosphere!

GOODE (*backing away*). Oh, well, dat's all right, den. Ah jes' didn't want no foolin' bout it.

LONG (*to GOODE*). Say, is yo' gwine ter let him git away wid dat?

BACK (*threateningly, to LONG*). And dat likewise and fo' reasons dat will eventually be disclosed, also takes yo' in. (*Sits.*)

LONG. And Ah hereby, herewith, thereby and hencewith declare dat yo' all don't play no more cards.

BACK. Where's yo' authority fo' so forcibly provocatin' and conjecturin' yer denunciation without malice aforethought?

LONG. Right heah. (*Pulls large wooden razor from inside coat.*) Dis am mah authority. (*Flourishes razor.*) Dis am mah authority, and Ah'm gwine to separate yo' all from dat talk yo' been oozin' out of yer systems. (*Scatters the card players by cutting and slashing with his razor. The four finally get the table between them and LONG.*)

STRONG (*pulls a white handkerchief from his pocket and waves it; yells*). Safety first! Safety first!

LONG (*modified*). Well, dat's all dat saved yo'. Howsome ever, while Ah'm 'bout it, and has de power of attorney in mah hand, Ah'm a-gwine ter separate yo' all from

whatsome ever money yo' may has forthwith and hereby on yer persons.

GOODE (*admiringly*). Mah goodness! Dat nigger can sure sling some language his self.

LONG (*suddenly and sharply to quartette*). Hands up! Fork over! (*Flourishes razor and the members of quartette raise their hands above their heads.*)

GOODE (*laughing*). Gosh all Friday! Dat sure does tickle me. Dat nigger dere (*indicating WETT*) owes me ten dollars.

WETT. Does I owe yo' ten dollars?

GOODE. Yo' sure does.

WETT. Ah'm mighty sorry.

GOODE. Yo' ain't nine-sixths as sorry as I be.

LONG. Cease! Cease talkin' and fork over. (*He relieves BACK, WEAK and STRONG of their money and is just about to put his hand in WETT's pocket, when:*)

WETT (*to LONG*). Ah begs yo' pardon, sah; but could Ah put my hand in mah pocket jes' fo' a moment instant?

LONG. Yo' could, but Ah warns yo' dat said hand must come forth unencumbered wid anythin' in de line of weapons.

WETT. Oh, dere ain't a-gwine ter be no weapons. (*Takes a bill from his pocket. To GOODE.*) Yo' say Ah owes yo' ten dollars?

GOODE. Ah so said.

WETT. Den heah's yo' ten. (*Hands bill to GOODE.*)

GOODE (*takes bill*). Ah sure am mighty glad ter meet yo', Mister Ten Bucks.

LONG (*relieves WETT of his money, then turns suddenly to GOODE*). Hands up, nigger! Gimme dat ten! (*Jerks bill from GOODE's hand.*) Now we am square all around. (*GOODE is crestfallen, while the others laugh heartily at his discomfiture.*)

STRONG (*raps smartly on table*). Gentlemen, please give me yer ears.

GOODE. Dat nigger don got mah money, now dis nigger wants mah ears.

STRONG (*pointedly*). Now dat it has come ter pass dat

(*names local politician*) has, as per usual, grabbed all de money in sight, it behooves us ter git down to de real business of de evenin'. (*LONG takes a pair of dice from a pocket and rattles them together in significant manner.*) No, sah; no crap game.

WEAK. 'Specially as de gent wid de razor has all de money.

WETT. In 'bout two minutes de new chief and his assistants will have arrove.

BACK. And therefore, to-wit, let it be understood dat we gwine ter give him a reception boderin' on de superabundance, pro-tem, a la mode. (*Loud fanfare of a bugle sounds off C. STRONG runs to C. D. and looks off R.*)

GOODE. We am pinched. Don't give yo' right names.

STRONG (*excitedly*). He's comin'. Horroo fo' de new chief! (*The others run to C. D. The quartette line up on one side, GOODE and LONG on opposite side. The orchestra and quartette burst into a song of welcome as—*)

YETT, STREET and LITTLE enter. They line up alongside of GOODE and LONG and then all join in a rousing song of greeting. Enter DUNN, pompous, lordly fashion, struts proudly between the two lines, bowing haughtily right and left. He comes down to table, followed by the others, who form in an oblique line on either side of him. Then a rousing three cheers are given for the new chief. An idea to augment the entrance of DUNN and to add a "bigness" to the affair, it is suggested that a brass band be employed when available. For instance, the "tozen band" would always be glad to donate their services.

DUNN (*after the outburst*). Gemmen, Ah am deeply gratificated wid enthusiasts over mah reception. (*They cheer. He looks inquiringly about the room.*) But Ah am likewise deeply disappointed at de disappearance of all decorations. Where am de flowers?

GOODE (*stepping forward and with a burlesque salute*). As de chairman of de committee on flowers, Ah begs to report dat de price of flowers was cost so much dat we has been unable to done git any.

LONG (*stepping forward, saluting awkwardly*). Accordingly we did de next bestest thing.

DUNN. And what was de next bestest thing?

LONG. We done bought a package of flower seeds so yo' kin raise yo' own flowers. (*They all cheer and then seat themselves.* GOODE and LONG remain standing R. and L. of table.)

DUNN (*raps smartly on table*). Order, gemmen; order!

YETT. Make mine gin.

GOODE. Me, too.

LONG. Same heah, and I ain't mad at nobody.

DUNN (*raps smartly on table*). Order, gemmen; order!

YETT (*disappointedly*). Gosh, I ain't had no luck fo' a week.

DUNN. In de bright lexicon of de Darktown Fire Brigade, der ain't no sich word as gin. De only liquid we must pause to consider am water. Water am used fo' to fight fire wid, dat's all. (*All groan their disappointment.*)

YETT. Dat's all. Dat's a-plenty.

DUNN. De fust thing Ah like fo' to promulgate is fo' to see if we all am heah. (*Looks them over and then proceeds to read their names from a slip of paper. As he reads the last name.*) And a finer load of nigger never left a jail yard. (*Looks suddenly at LONG and GOODE.*) Fo' de love of flap-jacks! What's dem two scare-crows?

LONG (*with a comedy salute*). Ah'm de only one in dis fire company dat ain't a officer.

DUNN. Den who am dat? (*Indicates GOODE.*)

LONG. Dat's de assistant company. All yo' officers has assistants, so Ah jes' naturally had to has one.

STREET (*rising*). Chief, Ah'd like to know and to ask if de engine what was broke has been repaired.

YETT (*rising*). It have. I done fixed it mahself. And Ah done made a good job of it. Whoever done put it together in de fust place, didn't know dere business. Ah put dat engine together and had three pieces left over.

DUNN. Good! Dat's de spirit I like to see.

LITTLE. I reckon den we am all ready to has a fire.

DUNN. Dat's a matter we knows not of. De way dis



department has been conducted, dere has been mighty few fires. Our citizens has jes' naturally been afraid to has any fires. (*Cheers.*) But, gemmen, wid me in charge de order of things is bound to change. Under my direction there will be plenty of fires. (*More cheers.*) Now, gemmen, Ah sees we has wid us tonight fo' gents dat kin sing. Ah shall call on de Darktown Quartette fo' to untertain us. (*The quartette may here introduce a song or two. While they are singing GOODE and LONG play craps, rolling the dice on the floor at R.*)

DUNN (*after song, indicating GOODE and LONG*). Heah, yo'. What yo' all a-doin'?

GOODE. Jes' naturally shootin' craps.

DUNN (*to GOODE*). Come heah, yo'. (*GOODE goes to table.*) Gamblin' in dis fire house am agin de rules and regumalations. Yo' am herewith fined de lofty and inspiring sum of one dollar—and de half of another.

GOODE. Fined a dollar-fifty? Lordy, man, Ah ain't got any part of a dollar-fifty.

DUNN. Den go back and shoot dem dice till yo' has got it. (*Phone rings and he places receiver to ear.*) Hello! Yes—hello! Dis am de Darktown Fire Brigade. How's dat? Fire? Where 'bouts am dat fire? Sue Johnson's millinery store? Oh, shucks! Yes' a minute. Hold de wire. (*Very deliberately sets phone and receiver on table, takes a cigar from pocket, slowly takes match out, lights cigar and puffs on it several times.*) Gemmen, de party at de other end of de wire says as how Sue Johnson's millinery store am all on fire.

LITTLE. Good. Speakin' as a marrred man, Ah never did have any use fo' one of dem millinery stores.

STREET. Nor me.

YETT. Am also and likewise a married man.

BACK. Ah also has a wife. Let dat store burn.

DUNN (*to all*). We'll take a vote. Dose dat wants to go to de fire, say aye; contrary, no. (*They chorus a loud "no."*) De husbands has it. We don't go. Now is dere any other business dis evenin'?

WEAK. Ah might suggest dat yo' answer de phone, sir.

DUNN (*hangs receiver on hook*). Aw, what's de use? If we don't go dey'll know we ain't comin'. Now, gemmen, according to de rules and regumalations of dis heah department, it is necessary fo' me to ask, as a sort of civil service examination, a few questions. Yo' must answer dese questions to the bestest of your agility; and may de good Lord have mercy on yo' souls! (*To YETT.*) Stand up, Knott Yett. (*YETT remains seated. To YETT, loudly.*) Say, yo'. Why don't yo stand up?

YETT. Yo' done tole me to stand up not yet.

DUNN. Well, I'm speaking etimoligally and not spasmodically. Stand up! (*YETT rises to feet.*) Now, de fust question Ah has to ask yo' is, how far is it from de earth to de moon?

YETT. Ah dont know, but if Ah has fo' to climb dat high on a ladder wid a line of hose, Ah quits right heah.

DUNN. Squat! (*YETT sits. To GOODE.*) Come heah, yo' Alabama kidney-foot stick of coal-tar product. (*GOOD approaches table and gives a comedy salute.*) It is necessary accordin' to de rules to has de same time by yo' watch as by mine. (*Pulls watch from his pocket, notes time.*) shakes it.) Mah watch am stopped. Is yo' watch goin'?

GOODE. Goin'? It's gone.

DUNN (*motions GOODE away, disgustedly. To LONG.*) Yo' turn next. Come hither. (*LONG approaches table, salutes awkwardly.*) Now, yo' don't look it, but maybe yo' got brains. Who was de fust president of de United States?

LONG. Has Ah got ter go dat far back ter be a fireman?

DUNN. See? I done thought yo' don't know nothin' 'bout botany. Does yo' acknowledge dat yo' don't know who de fust president of de United States was?

LONG. How's come I don't know? De fust president of de United States was Brooker T. Washington. (*A derisive laugh from all the others follozes his answer.*)

DUNN. Now Ah'm gwine ter have a little pity on yo'—not much, but a little—and answer yo' question fo' yo'. De fust president of de United States was George Washington. Not Brooker T. Washington.

LONG. Well, Ah knows 'twas one of dem Washington boys.

DUNN. Fade away, nigger. (*LONG returns to L.*) Ah got a fine edicated load of coal heah, Ah kin see dat. (*The phone bell rings.*)

LITTLE. Mah goodness! Business is sure pickin' up.

DUNN (*places receiver to ear*). Hello; yes, dis am de fire house talkin'. What's dat? Fust time yo' ever heard a fire house talk? Don't get sassy. Hey? Jes' a minute. Jes' hold de wire. (*Same business of deliberation as before of lighting cigar, etc.*) Gemmen, de report comes in ober de wire dat de Methodist Church am on fire.

STRONG. Holy smoke!

WEAK. Say, what right dey got to has a fire when we got a special meetin'?

LITTLE. Yes, sah. Ah moves dat we insist dat we gits thirty days notice fo' we goes ter a fire.

BACK. Dat ain't no mo' den right.

WETT. Dem's mah views.

YETT. Yo' am all wrong. Dey should be forced to quit havin' any mo' fires. Dem is troublesome things, fires is.

GOODE. And dey is liable ter happen in de middle of de night; and oh, how Ah loves mah sleep! (*Yawns and stretches.*)

LONG. Or worsen still, in de middle of a nice crap game. Oh—oh!

STREET. In de meantime de church am burnin, and de man on de phone am waitin'.

DUNN. Yo' am right. (*Leans back, elevates feet on top of table and puffs on cigar.*) De church am on fire, and we must do our duty. (*Finally condescends to place receiver to ear.*) Hello! No, sah, Ah didn't say nothin' like a swear word. Ah simply said hello. Say, yo' tell 'em ter keep dat fire burnin' till we gits dere. Good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

YETT. Ah moves dat we go home. Ah'm gettin' powerful sleepy-like.

DUNN. Ah am de chief—not yo'. Furthermore, dere

am one or two questions Ah gotta ask. (*To GOODE.*) As fo' yo' sah (*GOODE stands up*) Ah done heah yo' been makin' remarks to de effect dat yo' and George Washington was very much alike in character. Yo' all done make dat remark?

GOODE. Yes, sah; Ah done make dat remark.

DUNN. Dat calls fo' explanation, sah. George Washington was a great fighter.

GOODE. So am Ah.

DUNN. George Washington was a wonderful statesman.

GOODE. So am Ah.

DUNN. Now Ah got yo'. George Washington never told a lie.

GOODE. And dat's where Ah got it on him.

DUNN. Now, gemmen, I think everything am goin' ter be all right. Yo' all will make a fine bunch of firemen. Fo' de closin' of our meetin' dis evenin', Ah suggest dat our worthy bunch of chicken lifters, de quartette, sing us another song.

(*The quartette responds, or one or two of the others may introduce a specialty or song. While songs are being introduced, GOODE and LONG exeunt L. They discard their outer clothing and don night gowns. The gowns reach about to their knees, disclosing red underwear and green socks, but both, however, wear their hats. At conclusion of the song phone bell rings. DUNN very deliberately answers the call.*)

DUNN. Hello! Yes, sah; but jes' wait a minute. Wait till Ah lights mah see-gar. (*Lights it.*) Hello! Now go ahead. (*Excitedly.*) What? Say, please repeat dat again! What! Yo' don't say so! (*Drops receiver, turns to others excitedly.*) Boys, what yo' all think? De Shonenfest Brewery is on fire!

(*All rush madly to C. D. and exeunt, yelling vociferously. DUNN pauses long enough to yell at GOODE and LONG, off L., that the brewery is afire, then he dashes off and through C. D. Wild yells are heard off L., then GOODE and LONG, in night gowns, come sliding down rope. GOODE*



*comes first and falls flat as he hits the floor. LONG slides down on top of him. They scramble for an instant, then regain their feet; each seizes the string attached to the toy fire engine and hook and ladder and together they make a mad dash once around stage and through C. D.)*

CURTAIN.

---

SECOND CURTAIN.

*Red fire is burned at back C. DUNN is discovered just outside of doorway with a garden hose, throwing water on GOODE, who is standing a short distance from him.*

CURTAIN.

# Denison's Vaudeville Sketches

*"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."*

Price, 15 Cents Each, Postpaid

**BREAKFAST FOOD FOR TWO.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. **Scene:** Simple interior. Seldom Sells, a drummer for bottled spring water and condensed milk, and Carrie Samples, a breakfast food demonstrator, meet in a small freight office during a snow blockade. Once they were friends, but strangers now; however, while appeasing their hunger with their samples a reconciliation is affected. This sketch is a decided novelty and one of the most choice morsels of humor ever served.

**THE CABMAN AND THE LADY.**—Vaudeville sketch, adapted by William D. Emerson; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 30 minutes. Played a number of seasons with great success by "Emerson, Caffray and Emerson." It is a scream.

**A COLD FINISH.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. **Scene:** An interior. A cheeky life insurance agent forces himself into the home of a wealthy lady. Her attempt to get rid of him is side splitting. It has an unexpected finish which is always a great hit in vaudeville. Really a two-part sketch, as the iceman has only a few lines.

**THE COUNTERFEIT BILLS.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. A long lost sailor returns and in explaining his absence to his wife, finds he has steered into rough weather. As a peace-offering he gives her a large "roll of bills" and she admits having a second husband named Bill; however both prove counterfeit. There is a dash of wit and a foam of humor in the Old Salt's tale of adventures that cannot fail to delight.

**DOINGS OF A DUDE.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. **Scene:** Simple interior. Maizy von Billion, of athletic tendencies, is expecting a boxing instructor and has procured Bloody Mike, a prize fighter, to "try him out." Percy Montmorency, her sister's ping pong teacher, is mistaken for the boxing instructor and has a "trying out" that is a surprise. A whirlwind of fun and action.

**FRESH TIMOTHY HAY.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. **Scene:** Simple rural exterior. By terms of a will, Rose Lark must marry Reed Bird or forfeit a legacy. Rose and Reed have never met and when he arrives Timothy Hay, a fresh farm hand, mistakes him for Pink Eye Pete, a notorious thief. Ludicrous lines and rapid action. Chance for songs and specialties if desired.

"We presented 'Fresh Timothy Hay' with great success."—Frank S. Wildt, Lancaster, Pa.

**GLICKMAN, THE GLAZIER.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 25 minutes. **Scene:** Simple interior. Charlotte Russe, an actress, is scored by a dramatic paper. With "blood in her eye" she seeks the critic at the office, finds no one in and smashes a window. Jacob Glickman, a Hebrew glazier, rushes in and is mistaken for the critic. Fun, jokes, gags and action follow with lightning rapidity. A great Jew part.

"Under the team name of Herbert and Elliott we are making a big hit with 'Glickman, the Glazier.' Your 'stuff' is the best ever."—C. W. Herbert, Spokane, Wash.

**T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago**

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*"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."*

Price, 15 Cents Each, Postpaid

**THE GODDESS OF LOVE.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. **Scene:** Simple exterior. Aphrodite, a Greek Goddess, is a statue in the park. According to tradition, a gold ring placed upon her finger will bring her to life. Knott Jones, a tramp, who had slept in the park all night, brings her to life. A rare combination of the beautiful and the best of comedy. Novel, easy to produce and a great hit.

**HER HERO.**—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. To test her lover's courage, a young lady pretends she hears a burglar in an adjoining room and insists that he shall investigate. He meets with a surprise which is far from what the jesting maiden had anticipated. Rich comedy and rapid action.

"Used 'Her Hero' with great success for six successive weeks."  
—Herman Nelms, Nashville, Tenn.

**A HOME RUN.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry W. Osborne; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. A bit of baseball nonsense introduced into a novel situation. "Inshoots" of wit, "out-curves" of mirth and "drop-balls" of hilarity are put over the "plate" in rapid succession.

**HOT AIR.**—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 25 minutes. Briggs and his chum after a night out, Brigg's wife after an explanation. She finds their lovely "fairy tale" simply "hot air" and they find themselves in "hot water." Their ingenuity in extricating themselves from the humid situation is most amusing.

**IS IT RAINING?**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 10 minutes. Otto Swimmorebeer, a German, Susan Fairweather, a friend of his. This act runs riot with fun, gags, absurdities and comical lines.

"I have had expensive sketches, but your's beat them all."  
—Gust Muech, Milwaukee, Wis.

**A MISTAKEN MISS.**—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. The maiden expects to meet a very sedate young man, which part he impersonates, although he is quite the opposite. He also makes up as an Irishman. However, the mistake was not amiss for the mistaken miss, as he proves to be her willing ideal. Strong plot, plenty of "laughs" with opportunity for good acting.

**MR. AND MRS. FIDO.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. Mrs. Fido's husband and her dog Bruno are sick. Johnson, a dog doctor, who is just over from Sweden, is mistaken for Mr. Fido's physician, and complications arise that create more disturbance than a mustard plaster on a small boy. A great Swede part.

"We are now playing 'Mr. and Mrs. Fido' to crowded houses. Big hit."  
—The Elliotts, Clay Center, Kan.

**ONE SWEETHEART FOR TWO.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 females. Time, 20 minutes. It is not recorded in the book of Time when one sweetheart was sufficient for two ambitious maidens. The dialogue and action in this sketch are as magnetic as the breeze from an electric fan.

**T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago**

# Denison's Vaudeville Sketches

*"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."*

Price, 15 Cents Each, Postpaid

**O'TOOLE'S BATTLE OF ANTE-UP.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. Gilhooley wishes O'Toole to marry his daughter. To capture her heart they invent a story of how O'Toole saved her father's life in the battle of Ante-up. She puts to rout the scheming old rascals and marries Timmy, her true Irish boy. It is a fusillade of Irish wit and repartee.

**THE POOH BAH OF PEACETOWN.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 2 females. Time, 35 minutes. Joshua is Justice of the Peace, Mayor, Insurance Agent, Attorney, Express Agent and Postmaster of a small village. Contains a quaint sermon on the "divorce question." It is a decided novelty, with an atmosphere of humor that will warm and delight the coldest audience.

**THE TIME TABLE.**—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. Mr. and Mrs. Jangle have missed the train. The naturalness of their ill-tempered cross-fire will make one feel that he has intruded upon the privacy of a family jar and that he should suppress his mirth in fear of being noticed and accused of eavesdropping.

**THE TRAMP AND THE ACTRESS.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Charles Ulrich; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. An actress, home on a vacation, is surprised by a tramp who attempts to rob the house. She simulates madness and thwarts his object. A dramatic incident abounding with comedy.

**WIVES WANTED IN SQUASHVILLE.**—Vaudeville sketch, by O. E. Young; 3 males. Time, 30 minutes. Arthur Alger, a city chap out hunting, kills Benjamin Butterby's ox. To escape the infuriated rustic, he runs into Solomon Simple's house and hastily dons woman's dress. In this absurd disguise he finally escapes from the two love-sick old rubes, Solomon and Benjamin, who are the typical stage "b'gosh farmers." Mr. Young's plays are all full of ginger and go.

---

## Who's a Coward

By KATHARINE KAVANAUGH.

Price, 25 Cents.

Comedy; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. A young wife accuses her husband of being a coward and to prove her point arranges with a friend to play burglar and break into their home. The husband, to vindicate himself, makes a similar arrangement with one of his chums. A real thief appears, and both thinking him to be their friend disguised, aid him in escaping with their valuables. Dippy Hogan, the crook, is a scream and will rob any audience of its gloom.

---

## Countess Kate

By KATHARINE KAVANAUGH.

Price, 25 Cents.

A playlet; 3 males, 1 female. Time, 25 minutes. Two college chaps assist Countess Kate, a noted jewel thief, to escape from the police. She convinces them that the detective, who has her cornered, is her husband who has suddenly become insane, and after she gets away they are convinced that they have been two genuine "boobs." This beautiful and clever lady "Raffles" has an irresistible charm. Dramatic, humorous and lively. Played a successful season in vaudeville.

**T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago**



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Trial of Hearts, 4 acts, 2 1/2 hrs.	6 18
Trip to Scotland, 1 1/2 hrs.	1 14
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2 1/2 hrs. (25c)	5 3
Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs.	2 7 10
Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	6 4
Winning Widow, 4 acts, 1 1/2 hrs. (24c)	2 4
Woman Who Did, 1 hr. (24c)	17
Woman Detective, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	3 3

## FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc.

All on a Summer's Day, 40 min.	4 6
April Fools, 30 min.	1 3
Assault, The, 10 min.	3 2
Aunt Hilda's Night Out, 35 min.	1 2
Billy Shaw, 20 min.	19
Billy's Chums Gid, 25 min.	2 3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.	2 1
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.	3 3
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3 5
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	25
Country Justice, 15 min.	8
Cow that Killed Chicago, 20 min.	3 2
Divided Attention, 35 min.	1 4
Family Strife, 20 min.	3 3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.	4
For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2 1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.	5
Fun in Photo Gallery, 30 min.	2 10
Getting Kid of Lumber, 20 min.	3 1
Great Mother's Disposition, 30 min.	6
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12
Hans Von Spanish, 30 min.	4 3
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8
Lash-Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3 3
Let's Get Immigrants, 20 min.	5 1
Louie Sees It Through, 35 min.	3 4
Man Not Wanted, 30 min.	8
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 min.	7 9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35 min.	8
Mrs. Robbins Book Agent, 30 min.	3 2
Nor a Man in the House, 40 min.	2
Pair of Liarries, 20 min.	1 1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4 3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6 2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6 3
Please Pass the Cream, 20 min.	1 1
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2 2
Shadows, 25 min.	2 2
Song of Seniors, 30 min.	7
Smith's Unlucky Day, 20 min.	1 1
Telling Father's Price, 30 min.	5 3
Tom Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3 2
Tom March of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3 6
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3 2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 min.	4
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 min.	2
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	3

Two of a Kind, 40 min.	3 3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3 2
Wanted a Correspondent, 35 min.	4 2
Watch, a Watch, and a Jack of Spades, 40 min.	3 8
The Whole Truth, 40 min.	3 4
Who's the Boss, 25 min.	3 4
Wide Enough for Two, 35 min.	3 2
Wrong Baby, 15 min.	1

## VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

Amateur, 15 min.	1
At Harmony Junction, 20 min.	4
Adam's Her Father, 25 min.	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 min.	10
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 min.	1 1
Cold Finish, 15 min.	3 1
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min.	2 2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1 1
Conning Champion, 20 min.	2
Countdown in the Club, 25 min.	14
Counterfeit Pills, 20 min.	1 1
Darktown Fire Brigade, 15 min.	10
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2
For Reform, 20 min.	2
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1 1
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min.	2 2
Her Hero, 20 min.	1 1
Hey, Rubel, 15 min.	1 1
Home Run, 15 min.	1 1
Hunary, 15 min.	2
Little Miss Enemy, 15 min.	1 1
Little Red School House, 20 min.	4 3
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3 2
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1
Memphis Mass, 25 min.	3 1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4 2
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.	1 1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.	6 3
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 min.	2
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2
Pete Yansen's Gull's Motel, 10 min.	1
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2 1
S. and L., 15 min.	1
Special Sale, 15 min.	2
Street Faker, 15 min.	3
Such Ignorance, 15 min.	3
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1
Time Table, 20 min.	1 1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1 1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	2
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.	2
What Happened to Hannah, 15 min.	1

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Trip to Storyland, 1¼ hrs. (25c) 17	23	
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c) 8	3	
Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs. ....	(25c)	7 10
Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 2 hrs. ....	6 4	
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Women Who Did, 1 hr. ....	(25c)	17
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## FARCES, COMEDIES, Etc.

April Fools, 30 min. ....	3	
Assessor, The, 10 min. ....	3 2	
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min. ....	19	
Bad Job, 30 min. ....	3 2	
Betsy Baker, 45 min. ....	2 2	
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min. ....	2 3	
Billy's Mishap, 20 min. ....	2 3	
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min. ....	5	
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min. ....	3 5	
Box and Cox, 35 min. ....	2 1	
Case Against Casey, 40 min. ....	23	
Convention of Papas, 25 min. ....	7	
Country Justice, 15 min. ....	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m. ....	3 2	

**T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago**



# MEMPHIS MOSE, WAR CORRESPONDENT

A MINSTREL AFTERPIECE

BY

HARRY L. NEWTON

AUTHOR OF

*"A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy," "The Booster Club of Black-  
ville," "A Colored Honeymoon," "The Coontown Thirteen Club,"  
"The Darktown Fire Brigade," "The Goodfellow," "Good  
Mornin', Judge," "The Heiress of Hoetown," "Jayville  
Junction," "Laughland, via the Ha Ha Route,"  
"Minstrel Cross-Fire," "Oh, Doctor!" "A  
Rehearsal at Ten," "What Happened  
to Hannah," Etc.*



CHICAGO  
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

# MEMPHIS MOSE, WAR CORRESPONDENT

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## CHARACTERS.

MEMPHIS MOSE ..... *Nearly a War Correspondent*  
PHILBERT NUTT ..... *His Companion*  
GENERAL CHILE CON-CARNE. *A Mexican Soldier of Fortune*  
PRIVATE EGGSHELL..... *Half of the Army*  
PRIVATE PAPRIKA ..... *The Other Half*  
BIGFOOT SUE ..... *A Red Cross Nurse*

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SCENE—*A Military Encampment.*

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TIME—*War Time.*

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PLACE—*Yuma Pass, Mexico.*

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TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty-five Minutes.*

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## COSTUMES.

MEMPHIS MOSE—Ordinary suit, leather leggings and long linen duster covering all.

PHILBERT NUTT—Dilapidated clothing and blue cap. Very droll in speech and slow in action.

GENERAL CHILE CON-CARNE—Misfit, many colored, dilapidated uniform, with large hat ornamented with a large plume. Wears large mustache, which he strokes in pompous, fierce manner.

PRIVATE EGGSHELL—Blue coat, brass buttons, white pants and old cap. Carries an old musket.

PRIVATE PAPRIKA—Old blue suit, short trousers and straw hat. Carries a battered old sword.

BIGFOOT SUE—Typical darky wench part; calico dress, white apron and sleeves and nurse's white cap. On one sleeve is a red cross.

NOTE.—While only six characters are required, more may be added at option of producer. Your local military company may act as "the army" and the dialogue may be so arranged that a drill be introduced without detriment to plot or action.

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 PROPERTIES.

Rifles for Eggshell and Paprika; bowl of bread and milk, large spoon and two napkins for Sue; chicken bone for Mose; stretcher for Nutt.

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 STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; C., center; R. C., right center; L., left; 1 E., first entrance; U. E., upper entrance; R. 3 E., right entrance, up stage, etc.; R. D., right door; L. D., left door, etc.; D. F., door in flat or back of the stage; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights; 1 G., first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

## MEMPHIS MOSE, WAR CORRESPONDENT

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SCENE: *An exterior to represent a mountain pass, with mountain or landscape drop in 3 G. and wood wings. A small white canvas tent at C., with flaps drawn over opening. On center pole peak is a small Mexican flag. (Omit if difficult to procure.) At L. of tent are two nail kegs marked: "Powder." A small table and a camp chair in front of tent.*

*At rise, PRIVATE EGGSHELL, MOSE and NUTT are discovered. EGGSHELL is doing sentry duty, pacing to and fro from R. to L. back of tent. NUTT and MOSE are seated on nail kegs in despondent attitudes. MOSE has one leg heavily bandaged and NUTT wears a bandage on left arm. Curtain music, some well known Spanish air.*

NUTT. Well, why don't yo' say somethin'?

MOSE. Dere ain't a word to be sayed. (*Rubs bandaged leg.*)

NUTT. Yo' said a-plenty fo we got to dis heah place in Mexico. Yo' done talked yo' head off back in Memphis. (*MOSE nods head despondently.*) Didn't yo' say: "Philbert, a barber shop ain't no place fo' yo'. Yo' should be a adventuress." Didn't yo' say dat to me? (*MOSE nods as before.*) Didn't yo' also said to me: "Philbert, shinin' shoes ain't yo' vacation in life. Yo' should co-harmonize wid de higher equivalents. Yo' should be a soldier o' fortune." Didn't yo' said dat to me? (*MOSE again nods head.*) Den yo' said: "Philbert, cast aside dem ignoble brushes and come wid me. Dere is war in Mexico." Didn't yo' say dem words to me?

MOSE. Ah did, and heah we is.

NUTT. Yes, heah we is; prisoners ob war. (*Rubs a hand over bandage, painfully contorted face.*)

MOSE. Well, dere ain't nothin' dishonorable in bein' a prisoner ob war.



NUTT. Maybe not. But if Ah was fixin' fo' to be a prisoner, Ah could a got in jail back in Memphis.

MOSE. Ah, but, Philbert, dere am a lot ob difference.

NUTT. Yes, Ah could a-had mah reg'lar eats back in dat Memphis jail.

MOSE. Oh, yo' always think ob eatin'.

NUTT. And dat's all Ah do, is jes' think ob it lately. Say, man, mah stomach could be arrested fo' what it thinks ob me.

MOSE. Shucks, man, dis am merely a condition ob de fortunes ob war.

NUTT. Yes, but yo' didn't say dis was gwine to happen when yo' slung dat flowery talk back in Memphis. No, sah. Yo' say: "Philbert, dem Mexicans couldn't hit de water if dey fell out ob a boat." Didn't yo' say dat?

MOSE. Well?

NUTT. Well, dey had nuther water or a boat, but dey sure did hit us. (*Hand to bandage.*)

MOSE. Dat was 'cause we tried to run.

NUTT. Tried to run? Man, Ah did run! Ah got three years exercise in jes' one second. But de faster Ah run, de faster dat bullet run. (*Looks cautiously about at EGGSHELL, who has been pacing back and forth.*) Dat nigger gets on my nerves.

MOSE. Nigger? Man, he ain't no nigger. He's a Mexican.

NUTT. Shucks! If he's a Mexican, Ah'm a dime's worth of Hungarian goolash. Whatta yo' reckon dere fixin' to do wid us?

MOSE. Oh, soon's dey find out Ah'm a war correspondent, dey'll release us.

NUTT (*disgustedly*). War correspondent! Yo' couldn't write home and git a thin dime. (*Gun is fired off L. NUTT and MOSE exhibit comedy fright. EGGSHELL wheels, faces to L. in a challenging attitude.*)

EGGSHELL (*calling off L.*). Halt! Who comes thar?

PAPRIKA (*off L.*). Friend!

EGGSHELL. Advance, friend, and give de countersign.

NUTT (*to MOSE*). Didn't Ah tell yo'? Dat's jes' plain nigger talk, dat's all.

*Enter PAPRIKA from L., whispers to EGGSHELL.*

EGGSHELL (*to PAPRIKA*). Yo' gotta know de counter-sign. Ah got mah orders. Dem orders is dat if yo' don't say "Fried Chicken," Ah runs mah bayonet through yo'.

PAPRIKA. "Fried Chicken."

EGGSHELL. All right. Now who yo' all shoot at jes' now?

PAPRIKA. Twasn't nobody. But Ah thought Ah seen dem two niggers tryin' ter make a getaway. (*Comedy fright by the two.*)

EGGSHELL. Say, dere ain't a chance in de world.

PAPRIKA. No, dem low-down plain niggers am out-classed 'longside ob us Mexicans.

EGGSHELL. Ah wonder what de general am gwine do wid 'em.

PAPRIKA. Oh, jes' naturally shoot dem at sunrise, dat's all.

MOSE (*to NUTT, in nervous fright*). Yo' heah dat? Gwine ter shoot us at sunrise.

NUTT. Not me. Ah don't get up dat early.

*The tent flaps are suddenly flung apart and enter therefrom GENERAL CON-CARNE. He strikes a fierce but comedy pose and strokes mustache for an instant. Then he glowers at the prisoners and they attempt to hide behind each other.*

GENERAL (*sharply*). Attention! (EGGSHELL and PAPRIKA bring their guns to an awkward salute, wheel and march stiffly to the GENERAL, and when within a couple of paces of him, trip and almost fall.) Fall in!

EGGSHELL. Yes, sah, we jes' did, General.

NUTT (*advancing toward the GENERAL, smiling*). Oh, Ah knows yo'. Yo' was fo'merly a barber back in Memphis.

GENERAL (*fiercely, to NUTT*). Silence! (*To PAPRIKA.*) Anythin' to repo't?

PAPRIKA. Yes, sah. Ah jes' killed ninety-eight enemeeses.

GENERAL. Aha! Ninety-eight ob de enemy died by yo' hand?

PAPRIKA. Yes, sah; one hand.

GENERAL. Den yo' kin knock off work fo de day. Yo' done enough. (PAPRIKA *salutes in comedy fashion.*) Private Eggshell, what yo' all done fo' yo' country?

EGGSHELL. Ah run 'cross seventy-eight enemeeses and cut off dere feet.

GENERAL. Cut off dere feet? And why didn't yo' cut dere heads off? (*Comedy fright by prisoners.*)

EGGSHELL. Oh, somebody else done dat 'fore Ah got dere.

GENERAL (*violently clears throat, fiercely strokes mustache and glowers at the prisoners*). Bring de prisoners to headquarters. (EGGSHELL and PAPRIKA *go behind* NUTT and MOSE and *prod them with their bayonets, forcing them to the* GENERAL.)

NUTT (*protestingly to* GENERAL). Whatta dey mean by stickin' us wid dem bay-nets?

GENERAL. It means dot yo' am wanted at headquarters.

NUTT. Headquarters! Dat ain't whar dey stuck us wid dem bay-nets.

GENERAL. Silence! (*Sits at table.*) Yo' am gwine now ter git court-martialed.

NUTT. If dat's somethin' good ter eat, Ah been ready fo' two days now.

GENERAL. Silence! (*To* MOSE.) What's yo' name?

MOSE. Memphis Mose, sah.

GENERAL. Whar yo' from?

NUTT. Yo' know whar he's from. Yo' is from de same place—Memphis.

GENERAL (*fiercely*). Silence! (*Each time the* GENERAL yells "silence" at NUTT the latter jerks his head sharply in affright and his cap falls to floor.)

NUTT (*as he stoops, picks up hat and replaces it on head*). Doggone dat nigger, anyhow!

GENERAL (*to* NUTT). What's yo' name?

NUTT. You know doggone well what mah name is.

GENERAL. Whar was yo' born, and if so, why?

NUTT. Ah don't know.

GENERAL. Whatta yo' mean yo' don't know? Didn't yo' ever have no mother?

NUTT. Ah don't know.

GENERAL. Who was with yo' when yo' was born?

NUTT. My aunt.

GENERAL. On what day was yo' born?

NUTT. Thursday.

GENERAL (*fiercely and fingering mustache*). Aha! Now Ah got yo'. Yo' don't know nothin' 'bout a mother, but yo' do know what day yo' was born on. How comes it dat yo' know what day yo' was born on?

NUTT. 'Cause de next day we had fish.

GENERAL (*rising to feet with an angry stamp and twirling mustache*). Silence! (*To PAPRIKA and EGGSHELL.*) Take de prisoners away. Take dem to de deepest and darkest dungeon. (*They place themselves on either side of the prisoners.*)

NUTT (*to GENERAL*). Say, what's a dungeon?

GENERAL (*rising to feet, stamps a foot angrily and strokes mustache*). Silence! (*To PAPRIKA and EGGSHELL.*) Take de prisoners to de dungeon. (*They place themselves on either side of the prisoners.*)

NUTT (*to GENERAL*). Say, what's a dungeon? Do dat happen to be Mexican fo' dinin' room?

GENERAL. Nothin' like it. Dere ain't gwine to be no eatin'.

NUTT. No eatin'? (*GENERAL shakes head.*) Den shoot me now. (*GENERAL raises his hand as a command for the prisoners to be taken away. The prisoners are between the two soldiers, single file. The four march in a brisk, military fashion once about the stage, the GENERAL places himself at their head and they are about to exeunt R. when—*)

. Enter BIGFOOT SUE. She starts in astonishment, raises her hands with a commanding gesture and the five halt.



SUE. Halt! Doggone yo', halt!

MOSE (*in glad surprise*). Sue! (*He opens his arms and SUE rushes and throws herself forcibly against him, knocking him to floor and she falling on top. The others show astonishment. The fallen ones scramble to their feet.*)

GENERAL. What am de meanin' ob dis?

SUE (*to GENERAL*). Back up, yo' unemployed load ob coal; back up! Dis am mah sweetheart from Memphis, Tennessee.

MOSE (*kisses SUE*). Yo' sweet little bunch o' peaches and cream, yo'.

NUTT (*aside*). Dat man always am talkin' 'bout somethin' to eat, jes' ter make me jealous.

GENERAL (*to SUE*). Stand aside! Dose men am prisoners ob war.

SUE (*angrily to GENERAL*). Don't yo' tell me to stand aside or any place else. Yo' get 'long and take yo' doggone army wid yo', or Ah'll fetch yo' a swat dat'll make yo' think de provocation ob eternity am arroven. (*Threatens him with fist.*)

GENERAL (*to the two privates*). Attention! Fall in! Fo'ward march! (*Marches with "army" off R.*)

MOSE (*throwing his arms about SUE*). Saved! Saved!

NUTT (*tugging at his coatsleeve*). Ask her fo' somethin' ter eat, man, den we'll all be saved.

SUE (*releasing herself and looking at NUTT in seeming surprise*). Whose yo' friend, Mose, deah?

MOSE. Ah don't know. Ah nevah saw him befo' in all my life. (*Comedy business by NUTT.*)

SUE (*to MOSE*). Den pay no further 'tention to him. We will be happy, jes' yo' and me together.

MOSE (*to NUTT*). Yes, little boy, run 'long and sell yo' papers. (*NUTT, too astonished for speech, staggers to one of the kegs and drops weakly on it, staring at them with wide open mouth and eyes.*)

SUE. Mah darlin'. Yo' mus' be dreadful hungry. (*Business by NUTT.*) Yo' jes' wait heah a second. Ah got some nice things already cooked; lovely eatin' things. (*Kisses him.*) Jes' a minute and Ah'll be right back.

*(Waddles in comedy manner to R., turns and blows a kiss at him, then exits. He blows several kisses in return and stands looking off R. after her.)*

NUTT *(unable to longer restrain himself)*. Look heah, yo' possum-eyed, disappointed imitation ob a bottle ob ink—

MOSE *(turning and surveying NUTT coldly)*. Was yo' 'dressin' yo' conversation to me, sah?

NUTT *(astounded)*. Yo'—yo' mean yo' don't disorganize me?

MOSE. Yo' face am slightly fa-military, but 'Ah don't seem to place yo'. *(NUTT drops weakly back on keg.)*

*Enter SUE R. She carries a large bowl filled with bread and milk, a large spoon and two napkins.*

SUE *(to MOSE)*. Heah yo' is, honey-lamb. Come heah and inaugurate yo' system wid some ob dis ambiguous chicken soup. *(MOSE smiles broadly and goes to SUE at C. NUTT hurriedly rises and also rushes to her. SUE takes the two napkins and tucks one under each one's chin, then takes spoon, dips it in bowl and stirs vigorously. NUTT smacks lips in keen anticipation. SUE dips a spoonful, MOSE opens mouth wide and she feeds it to him. Then she takes another spoonful, starts to feed NUTT but takes it herself.)*

MOSE *(in keen relish)*. Mah goodness, sweetheart, but dat sure am beautiful chicken soup. Do it again. *(SUE gives him another spoonful, then repeats business of almost feeding NUTT and eating the spoonful herself.)*

SUE. What became ob dat other feller dat was heah a while back?

MOSE. Him? Oh, he's gone.

NUTT *(opens eyes and tugs at his coat sleeve)*. No, no; heah Ah is—heah Ah is. *(MOSE ignores him.)*

SUE *(feeding MOSE another spoonful)*. Ah didn't care so much fo' de looks ob him. He had a funny look.

NUTT *(attempting to attract her attention)*. No, not funny; jes' hungry, lady; jes' a hungry look, lady; dat's all. *(They ignore him.)*

SUE *(to Mose, puckers up lips and thrusts out her face*

*in ludicrous manner*). Honey-bud, kiss yo' little angel-face. (*They kiss with comedy business. NUTT works up scene.*) Now den, one mo' po'tion ob chicken soup. (*Feeds MOSE.*)

NUTT (*aside, disgustedly*). Dinner time fo' some folks, but jes' 12 o'clock fo' me.

SUE (*takes napkin from MOSE's neck and carefully wipes his lips with it, then does the same to NUTT*). Come, sweet breath ob evenin' breeze; come wid me to de canteen, whar Ah will fill yo' soul and inner man wid pangs ob real delight.

MOSE (*placing an arm about her waist*). Ah shall certainly be glad to do dat, mah beautiful bunch of pansy blossoms. Fo' Ah sure am hungry. (*They kiss.*)

NUTT (*aside, disgustedly*). Dere ain't no chicken soup 'bout dat. Dat am jes' plain "mush," dat's all; jes' plain "mush."

MOSE (*to SUE*). Let us go to de place whar all is eats and stomachs know no sorrow.

SUE. Yes, honey-bunch, we shall go. (*They stroll to R., his arm about her waist, and stop at exit R.*) Too bad yo' friend am went.

MOSE. Yes, it am too bad. Ah know he would enjoy hisself innumerable. He used ter like to eat. (*They exeunt.*)

NUTT (*looking after them, disgustedly*). Well, kin 'o' beat dat? Ah *used* ter like to eat. Dat ain't no lie, Ah did *used* to, but Ah *usen't* to no mo'. (*Starts for exit R.*) Heah's whar Ah used to eat agin.

GENERAL, EGGSHELL and PAPRIKA *come marching in from R. and halt NUTT as he is about to exit.*

GENERAL. Halt!

NUTT. Doggone it, dere's dat "halt" man agin.

GENERAL. Whar yo' gwine?

NUTT. Ah don't know, but Ah know whar Ah wish yo' was gwine.

GENERAL. And whar am dat?

NUTT. It's a long way from heah, and yo' wouldn't go if Ah told yo' to go.

GENERAL. Silence! (NUTT's cap falls off as his head jerks sharply back.) Ah don't take no orders from yo'. Yo' takes orders from me. (*Indicates the kegs.*) Yo' see dem two powder kegs? (NUTT eyes kegs apprehensively.) Well, dem is got to go some place.

NUTT. Well, let 'em go. Ah ain't stoppin' em.

GENERAL. Dey is got to go, and it am too dangerous fo' mah soldiers to tote 'em, so Ah deploys yo' to tote 'em.

NUTT (*comedy fright*). Huh?

GENERAL. Dey am mighty dangerous, so yo' mus' be careful.

NUTT. Will dey—will dey—blewie?

GENERAL. Not if yo' 'am careful.

NUTT. Say, yo' bettah git yo' a regular careful boy. Ah'm too careless.

GENERAL. Oh, it won't make any difference if yo' am blown up; will it?

NUTT. No, not to anybody else but me; dat's all.

GENERAL (*sharply*). Fo'ward march! (EGGSHELL and PAPRIKA force NUTT to kegs.) Now pick 'em up. (NUTT hesitates and they prod him with their bayonets.)

NUTT. Ah kin see Ah got a fat chance. If Ah don't pick 'em up, Ah gets mah tires punctured.

GENERAL. Yes.

NUTT. Yes, and if Ah does pick 'em up, Ah gits—blewie!

GENERAL. Pick 'em up! Fo'ward, march!

NUTT. Jes' a minute, General. Befo' de blewie comes, couldn't Ah be spared somethin' to eat?

GENERAL. No, sah. Fo'ward, march! (*They prod NUTT with bayonets, he picks up the kegs with comedy fright, they form in line, GENERAL leading, NUTT following him and the two soldiers bring up the rear. Exeunt L.*)

*Enter SUE and MOSE from R. He is chewing on a chicken bone with keen relish.*

MOSE. Dat suttinly was some lunch.



SUE. Lunch? Man alive, if yo' calls dat a lunch, Ah wonder what yo'd call a meal?

MOSE (*looking searchingly about*). Ah wonder whar mah friend went? (*Loud explosion off L. Astounded, they run and look off L.*)

SUE. What was dat yo' was remarkin' 'bout jes' fo' dat explosion?

MOSE. Ah said Ah wonder whar mah friend went?

SUE (*shading eyes with one hand and then peering off*). Ah don't persactly know, but he'll be down in a minute and den yo' kin ask him.

MOSE (*looking off and up*). By golly, Ah nevah saw him git sich a move on hisself befo' in all mah life. He sure is in a hurry.

SUE. Now he's comin' down agin.

MOSE. Yes, Ah reckon he didn't like it up dar. (*The tramp of feet is heard off L., gradually drawing nearer.*)

SUE. Dey am bringin' him heah on a stretcher.

MOSE. Poor old Nutt! Ah'm sorry Ah was rude to him. He had his faults, but he wasn't sich a bad feller after all.

SUE. -No, he was only hungry.

MOSE. Well, he's cured ob dat now all right.

SUE. He sure is. He's cured ob everythin'.

*Enter GENERAL, EGGSHELL and PAPRIKA, the latter two bearing a stretcher on which lies NUTT. They march solemnly to C. and place stretcher on floor, then all form a half circle about NUTT, the men removing their caps.*

GENERAL. We done our bestest to stop him after de powder went off, but he jes' naturally insisted on goin'.

MOSE. Poor old Nutt! He do look natural, don't he?

SUE. Ah'm sorry now Ah didn't gib him somethin' ter eat befo' he up and died. (*NUTT slightly raises his head and blinks eyes at SUE.*)

MOSE. Yo' sure he am dead?

PAPRIKA. If he ain't he done git a powerful shock ter his system.

EGGSHELL. And it done look like it spread to de rest ob his body.

GENERAL (*sighs*). Ah'm 'fraid now he am but a remnant ob a man.

SUE (*excitedly*). What's dat yo' say? What's dat?

GENERAL. Ah say, he am but a mere remnant ob a man.

SUE (*drops on knees beside the stretcher*). Man, deah, does yo' heah dat? Speak!

NUTT (*raises head and looks inquiringly at her*). What's it? What's it, lady?

SUE. Dat man say yo' am a mere remnant. If yo' am a remnant, Ah loves yo' and only yo'.

MOSE (*to SUE*). Heah, yo'. What yo' mean lovin' dat man?

SUE (*picks NUTT up from stretcher, arm about him*). Go way, Mistah Memphis Mose. Mention not mah name in endearin' terms agin. Ah loves yo' no mo'.

MOSE (*astounded*). What's—what's de meaning ob dis. Why fo' yo' transfer yo' love to dat man?

SUE. Why? Because he's a remnant. And whar am de woman livin' dat kin resist a remnant? (*SUE throws her arms about NUTT, the others form half circle about them, exhibiting intense astonishment, to—*)

CURTAIN.

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*"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."*

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**BREAKFAST FOOD FOR TWO.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. **Scene:** Simple interior. Seldom Sells, a drummer for bottled spring water and condensed milk, and Carrie Samples, a breakfast food demonstrator, meet in a small freight office during a snow blockade. Once they were friends, but strangers now; however, while appeasing their hunger with their samples a reconciliation is affected. This sketch is a decided novelty and one of the most choice morsels of humor ever served.

**THE CABMAN AND THE LADY.**—Vaudeville sketch, adapted by William D. Emerson; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 30 minutes. Played a number of seasons with great success by "Emerson, Caffray and Emerson." It is a scream.

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**THE COUNTERFEIT BILLS.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. A long lost sailor returns and in explaining his absence to his wife, finds he has steered into rough weather. As a peace-offering he gives her a large "roll of bills" and she admits having a second husband named Bill; however both prove counterfeit. There is a dash of wit and a foam of humor in the Old Salt's tale of adventures that cannot fail to delight.

**DOINGS OF A DUDE.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. **Scene:** Simple interior. Maizy von Billion, of athletic tendencies, is expecting a boxing instructor and has procured Bloody Mike, a prize fighter, to "try him out." Percy Montmorency, her sister's ping pong teacher, is mistaken for the boxing instructor and has a "trying out" that is a surprise. A whirlwind of fun and action.

**FRESH TIMOTHY HAY.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. **Scene:** Simple rural exterior. By terms of a will, Rose Lark must marry Reed Bird or forfeit a legacy. Rose and Reed have never met and when he arrives Timothy Hay, a fresh farm hand, mistakes him for Pink Eye Pete, a notorious thief. Ludicrous lines and rapid action. Chance for songs and specialties if desired.

"We presented 'Fresh Timothy Hay' with great success."—Frank S. Wildt, Lancaster, Pa.

**GLICKMAN, THE GLAZIER.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 25 minutes. **Scene:** Simple interior. Charlotte Russe, an actress, is scored by a dramatic paper. With "blood in her eye" she seeks the critic at the office, finds no one in and smashes a window. Jacob Glickman, a Hebrew glazier, rushes in and is mistaken for the critic. Fun, jokes, gags and action follow with lightning rapidity. A great Jew part.

"Under the team name of Herbert and Elliott we are making a big hit with 'Glickman, the Glazier.' Your 'stuff' is the best ever."—C. W. Herbert, Spokane, Wash.

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**HER HERO.**—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. To test her lover's courage, a young lady pretends she hears a burglar in an adjoining room and insists that he shall investigate. He meets with a surprise which is far from what the jesting maiden had anticipated. Rich comedy and rapid action.

"Used 'Her Hero' with great success for six successive weeks."  
—Herman Nelms, Nashville, Tenn.

**A HOME RUN.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry W. Osborne; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. A bit of baseball nonsense introduced into a novel situation. "Inshoots" of wit, "out-curves" of mirth and "drop-balls" of hilarity are put over the "plate" in rapid succession.

**HOT AIR.**—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 25 minutes. Briggs and his chum after a night out. Brigg's wife after an explanation. She finds their lovely "fairy tale" simply "hot air" and they find themselves in "hot water." Their ingenuity in extricating themselves from the humid situation is most amusing.

**IS IT RAINING?**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 10 minutes. Otto Swimmorebeer, a German, Susan Fairweather, a friend of his. This act runs riot with fun, gags, absurdities and comical lines.

"I have had expensive sketches, but your's beat them all."  
—Gust Muech, Milwaukee, Wis.

**A MISTAKEN MISS.**—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. The maiden expects to meet a very sedate young man, which part he impersonates, although he is quite the opposite. He also makes up as an Irishman. However, the mistake was not amiss for the mistaken miss, as he proves to be her willing ideal. Strong plot, plenty of "laughs" with opportunity for good acting.

**MR. AND MRS. FIDO.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. Mrs. Fido's husband and her dog Bruno are sick. Johnson, a dog doctor, who is just over from Sweden, is mistaken for Mr. Fido's physician, and complications arise that create more disturbance than a mustard plaster on a small boy. A great Swede part.

"We are now playing 'Mr. and Mrs. Fido' to crowded houses. Big hit."  
—The Elliotts, Clay Center, Kan.

**ONE SWEETHEART FOR TWO.**—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 females. Time, 20 minutes. It is not recorded in the book of Time when one sweetheart was sufficient for two ambitious maidens. The dialogue and action in this sketch are as magnetic as the breeze from an electric fan.

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Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2 2
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Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2 2
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2 2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6 6
Recruiting Office, 15 min.	2 2
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4 2
Si and I, 15 min.	1 1
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# "The Pugilist and the Lady"

A COMEDIETTA.

BY HARRY L. NEWTON.

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## CHARACTERS.

MR. NIFTY NIX, *a pugilist.*

MISS SALLY SMITE, *an athletic maiden.*

FAIRLEIGH WELL, *in love with Sally.*

## SCENE.

*Parlor in the Smite residence, furnished as handsomely as circumstances will permit. Japanese screen in left corner.*

## COSTUMES.

NIFTY NIX. *Make-up of a man about twenty-six. Wears a loud, flashy suit with tight-fitting trousers. Large checked shirt, red tie and diamonds; Derby hat; face well reddened. Speaks in "tough dialect." Part should be played by a large, well built man.*

SALLY SMITE. *At first appearance, wears simple white dress, then changes to athletic costume, consisting of white sweater, navy blue, knee length skirt, black silk stockings and high-heeled Oxfords. This costume may be worn underneath the white dress, so that change may be made quickly.*

FAIRLEIGH WELL. *Heavy overcoat, winter cap with ear laps, red mittens, woolen scarf about neck, overshoes, hot water bag fastened with string about neck. Speaks in a weak voice. Part should be*

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*played by a smaller man than Nix, but he must be also well built.*

#### THE INCIDENT.

*(Fairleigh Well imagines that he is afflicted with some incurable disease, while, in fact, there is nothing the matter with him. He is madly in love with Sally, but she has become provoked at his weakness and will not listen to a proposal from him. She is an admirer of the virile, manly man, even has a weakness for prize fighters. She engages Nifty Nix, a pugilist to give her boxing lessons. He comes to her home; Fairleigh, madly jealous, hides behind a screen; Sally discovers his presence there and is at once struck with the idea of teaching him a good lesson by a flirtation with Nifty. The latter at first believes that Sally is really in love with him, but later discovers his mistake. Fairleigh suddenly recovers his health, Nix brings the two together and prevails on them to "sign articles for a life match.")*

TIME, *an August day, this year.*

PLACE, *anywhere.*

ACTING TIME, *twenty-five-minutes.*

*(Curtain music: "Good old Summer Time." Enter Sally and Fairleigh, she a little in advance of him and walking quickly, he follows, walking slowly and leaning heavily on a cane. She flings herself into a chair, he stands in center stage, apparently in an exhausted condition.)*

SALLY: Good gracious! but isn't it hot! *(Wipes face with handkerchief.)*

WELL: Hot? Sally, I can't understand what you can be made of. I'm simply chilled through and through. *(Goes back to center door and draws the curtains to.)* There's one thing I can't stand, and that's a draft. *(Comes down stage again.)*

SALLY: *(Laughs.)* Ha, ha! How ridiculous you are. Don't you want that poor, overworked hot

water bag placed somewhere on your poor chilled body?

WELL: Yes, by Jove! now that you speak of it; I do feel a queer sort of a pain on my left shoulder. Would you mind placing it there, Sally?

SALLY: (*Rises quickly, goes to him, takes water bag and puts it on his left shoulder, then slaps him on the back very hard.*) There, that's what you need, a good pounding and not that hot water bag. You should take a good physical culture routine, instead of wearing a pile of overcoats and earmuffs.

WELL: (*Coughs and chokes as she pounds him on the back.*) No, no, Sally. Don't strike me like that. I'm a very sick man. (*Coughs weakly, with hand on chest.*)

SALLY: Bosh! (*Starts walking rapidly and vigorously across stage, left to right.*) It's all bosh! You are as well and strong as I am this minute. You only *think* you're sick.

WELL: (*Goes to her side and tries to keep pace with her. She still keeps up her vigorous walking to and fro.*) Now, Sally, please don't bosh me. You do me a great injustice. I'm a physical wreck. It's only by artificial means that I can keep the breath in my body. My lungs are completely gone. My head throbs with every movement of my body. I'm—I'm—Say, Sally, for goodness sake! What is this, a go-as-you-please? (*Stops walking, hand on heart and drawing his breath with an effort.*)

SALLY: (*Still keeps up her walking.*) No, it's not a go-as-you-please. It's a go-as-soon-as-you-like, but the quicker you do, the better I shall be pleased.

WELL: Oh, Sally, don't say that. (*Drops into a chair.*) Don't tell me to go and never see you again.

SALLY: (*Stops in front of him.*) The idea of a

young man like you talking about being ill, and almost ready to die. You're not sick.

WELL: I am sick. Didn't my physician say that I was? Wasn't his bill fifteen hundred dollars?

SALLY: Fifteen hundred dollars! Well, no wonder you're sick. That bill is enough to make anybody sick.

WELL: (*Brightly.*) Oh, but I'm very much better, Sally. I really left off my sealskin under-vest this morning.

SALLY: (*Laughs heartily.*) Fairleigh, as badly as I feel I am compelled to laugh. Sealskin vest and on the first day of August, with the thermometer at 96 in the shade.

WELL: But I haven't been in the shade, Sally. Really, I haven't.

SALLY: BOSH!

WELL: (*Pleadingly.*) Please don't "bosh" me again. When you say bosh to me it strikes me right here. (*Places hand on heart.*)

SALLY: Yes, and when I say it, it comes right from here, too. (*Puts her hand on her heart.*)

WELL: But Sally, remember that I love you.

SALLY: Remember? I wish to goodness that I could forget it. (*Starts her walking again.*) Don't talk love to me!

WELL: Why not? Am I not just the man you should have? I don't smoke, swear, gamble, flirt, stay out of nights, scold, tease or anything.

SALLY: (*Stops and faces him.*) When I marry, Fairleigh, I want a live man and not a corpse, like you are. Why don't you brace up and gamble, flirt, smoke, swear, stay out of nights, do anything you wish, but be a real live man?

WELL: Oh, Sally!

SALLY: Don't Sally me! Go get well, then I might listen to you.



WELL: (*Eagerly.*) I will. The doctor thinks if I should travel a bit that it might help me. Do you think so?

SALLY: Yes, I do. And the sooner you travel the better. So you had better start right now.

WELL: Oh, don't talk that way. And please stop that infernal walking. You make me nervous.

SALLY: (*Faces him again.*) Yes, and you make me—excuse the expression—but you make me sick. Do you suppose for one moment that I would ever marry a remnant like you? I'm a woman, but I'm not looking for any remnants in man.

WELL: But didn't you promise to be my wife?

SALLY: Yes, but before you became what you are—a muffled up mummy. (*Sadly.*) Oh, Fairleigh, can't you understand? Can't you realize that I would feel only sympathy for you if you were really and truly sick, but you're not—

WELL: Didn't the doctor—

SALLY: I don't care what the doctor told you. Supposing that an undertaker was to walk in here now and tell you that you were dead. Would you believe him?

WELL: I don't know if that's a fair comparison. I know that I'm *half* dead.

SALLY: The whole trouble with you is your mind. Your brain soaks up everything everybody tells you—anybody except me. You won't listen to me. Will you listen to me? No, you won't. See; I told you so.

WELL: Gee friz! Give a fellow a chance, will you?

SALLY: You're too much of a weakling to take a chance on anything. Oh, why aren't you a great big husky brute of a man. Then I could love you with my whole heart.

WELL: (*Coughs.*) The idea! Why don't you marry a prize fighter?

SALLY: That's a splendid suggestion, even if you did offer it. I believe I'll act on it. A prize fighter, you say? Yes, that is indeed a splendid idea. Oh, how I could learn to love a real prize fighter! Oh, if I could only marry one! How carefully would I watch him when he trained for his battles. How I would sit and watch the play of his mighty muscles. How I would dwell on his every word and gesture to catch his slightest wish before he could even utter it. I would be his slave—his very slave! How I would cheer him on to victory, and when he returned home to me after one of his contests, I would place a wreath of glory upon his noble brow. Now you know the kind of man whom I could love. LOVE with all my mind, body and soul!

WELL: But did you ever stop to think that this big husky brute might come home some time with a jag on?

SALLY: I would bathe his fevered brow and put him to bed.

WELL: He might hand you an uppercut.

SALLY: I would kiss the hand and love the uppercut.

WELL: But he might knock you out.

SALLY: If he did I would come back in again.

WELL: (*Sadly.*) Oh, I see it's no use. It's all off with me. I don't see any chance of my marrying you.

SALLY: Oh, yes there is. There's just ONE CHANCE.

WELL: (*Eagerly.*) And what is that one chance?

SALLY: Go fight (champion pugilist) and win the championship.

WELL: WHAT! Me fight him? Me? Why, that's not a chance.

SALLY: What is it then?

WELL: (*Sadly.*) Suicide.

SALLY: Well, you might just as well have it over with quickly as to sit around the way you do, dying by inches.

WELL: Oh, please have a little pity.

SALLY: I am; I'm having just as little pity for you as I possibly can. I'll give you one more chance to redeem yourself in my graces—

WELL: (*Eagerly.*) Yes?

SALLY: And this is positively your last opportunity. If you will put on the boxing gloves with me, and give me a good beating, I'll love you with all my heart and promise to be your wife. Now, how does that strike you?

WELL: (*Groans.*) It doesn't strike me at all. I can't box and you know it; and even if I could I wouldn't have the heart to strike you.

SALLY: Then your last chance is gone. The man I marry must be a MAN, not a mummy like you. I don't care what he is just as long as he is strong, healthy, and—well, the bigger the brute he is the better. (*Starts for center door; at door stops.*) You'll excuse me now, Mr. Well. It is the hour for my boxing lesson—

WELL: (*Interrupts.*) Oh, Sally! (*Rises and faces her.*) How cruel you are! Give me some little hope, won't you dear?

SALLY: The only hope I can give you, Mr. Well, is this: Go whip somebody and get a reputation, then come to me. Good-bye. (*Exit and change to athletic costume.*)

WELL: (*Gasps and sinks back into his chair.*) Oh, dear me! What a girl she is! Ever since she came back from Vassar it has been nothing but one

physical culture fad after another, and now it's boxing. To-day she commences taking boxing instructions from a professional pugilist. (*Groans.*) How will it all end! Oh, how will it all end! (*Reflects for an instant.*) By Jove, I have an idea! (*Rises excitedly to his feet.*) I'll see that pugilist when he comes, and bribe him to act so tough that he'll disgust Sally, and she will never talk of pugilists again. Then perhaps I'll have another chance with her. (*Hobbles to center door.*) I hear somebody down stairs now. I'll just *rush* down and see if it's that pugilist. (*Makes a very slow comedy exit.*)

(*Nifty's voice off stage calls: "All right, bo. I'll see you later."* A moment later he comes backing on stage through center door, then turns sideways to the audience and looks off stage in the direction he has come. He has his hat inclined over his eyes, is smoking a cigarette and in his right hand holds a green-back.)

NIFTY: Well, huly gee! What was that I just met in the hall? He's all muffled up like it was Happy Hand me Somethin' Time, instead of de good old summer time. (*Turns, comes down stage, sits on edge of table, looks curiously about, puffing hard on cigarette.*) Huly gee, but this is a swell dump! But that guy I just met is sure bad in the head. He's bugs for fair. He blows up to me, says somethin' 'bout jest actin' natural and I'll queer meself wid de dame; den he slips dis bill in me mit and vamps. (*Looks at bill and then puts it in his pocket.*) I kin jest see Nifty Nix a-wearin' real diamonds, and a-ridin' in benzine buggies if dis ting—— —I'm here to give a dame some sparrin' lessons. Well, I'm here accordin' to agreement, all right, all right. (*Gets off table, stretches arms and legs.*) And I'm certainly feelin' fine and dandy, in de pink of condition and ready to put up de fight



of me life, give or take twenty pounds. Now, I'm hearin' dat she's rich and dead stuck on us fighters. Say, maybe if I make a hit wid her, she's mine. (*Adjusts his necktie, pulls down his cuffs, etc.*) Well, at dat I ain't such a bad lookin' guy! (*Looks all about.*) Say, can youse imagine Nifty Nix tied to a bunch of skirts fer de rest of his natural life, and sittin' in a cosey corner a-smokin' paper pills, and nottin' to do but blow de old man's dough? Gee, I'm beginnin' to see tings. I must be sound asleep.

(*Takes a pin from his coat and jabs it into his leg, then gives a yell and jumps.*) No, I'm awake, all right, all right. (*Sits on table again.*) I kin picture meself a-livin' on Easy Street, wid no more trainin' and no more lookin' fer matches; no more knockouts and wallops in de jaw; no more nottin' but jest takin' tings easy. Skidoo! Here comes de dame now.

(*He straightens up as Sally is heard singing a lively air off stage, and he glances nervously about him. She enters center door, dressed in athletic costume as described, and carries a pair of boxing gloves in her hand. She stops short as she reaches center door and looks curiously at Nifty.*)

SALLY: I beg your pardon, sir.

NIFTY: (*Whirls about and faces her.*) De same to youse, miss, and many of dem. (*Takes off his hat and makes an awkward bow.*)

SALLY: (*Comes down stage.*) You are Mr. Nifty Nix, are you not?

NIFTY: Sure, Mike! (*Takes cigarette from his mouth, looks all about for some place to put it, then thrusts it into one of trousers pockets.*)

SALLY: (*Aside.*) How very original he is. (*To Nix.*) Won't you sit down for a moment, Mr. Nix?

NIFTY: (*Drops awkwardly into a chair.*) Don't mind if I do, kiddo. (*Jumps up immediately, claps*

*hand on pocket where he put cigarette, looks wildly around.)*

SALLY: Why, what's the matter, Mr. Nix?

NIFTY: Oh, nottin'. I jest happened to tink of someting. *(Puts hand in pocket and pulls out cigarette, then flips it off stage and rubs hand on pocket. Aside.)* Gee, but dat was warm!

SALLY: Did you forget something?

NIFTY: No, but I wish I had. *(Rubs hand on pocket.)*

SALLY: I have sent for you, Mr. Nix, to come here and give me boxing instructions. Are you a first class boxer?

NIFTY: I'm one of de best ever. I'm de champeen in me class.

SALLY: *(Puzzled.)* Champion in your class? Why, do you go to Sunday school?

NIFTY: *(Looks at her in surprise, then slaps his hand on his leg hard and laughs heartily.)* Say, dat's de best yet. ME go to Sunday school? Say, quit yer kiddin'.

SALLY: Then what class do you mean?

NIFTY: Why, de middle weight class, girlye; de middle weight class.

SALLY: Oh, I see. That means that you weigh just half as much as all the other prize fighters.

NIFTY: *(Winks at audience.)* I see dat you are wise to de fightin' game, all right.

SALLY: *(Proudly.)* Oh, I'm pretty well up in all things pertaining to athletics. I swim, row, hurdle, vault, fence, golf, tennis, and now I'm going to take up boxing—

NIFTY: Den youse will have de hull bill of fare, won't youse?

SALLY: That's what I want. *(Aside.)* What a magnificent creature, but what horrible grammar he uses.

NIFTY: (*Rising.*) Well, I'm de guy dat'll hand it to youse on de strictly level proposish, girlye. I never was wrong wid de dames in all me life.

SALLY: I believe you, Mr. Nix. (*Looks all about, then draws nearer to him and speaks confidentially.*) You see, Mr. Nix, I wish to show a certain gentleman that I can be—can be happy and contented even though I do not do *just* exactly as he wishes.

NIFTY: Oh, I'm wise, all right, all right. Youse has got it in fer dis certain gee and youse are goin' to take boxin' lessons and den hand him a couple of good wallops.

SALLY: (*Drawing back.*) Oh, no—nothing like that. You see, Mr. Fairleigh Well is a—well, he's a suitor for my hand—

NIFTY: Ain't dat what I said? Youse are goin' to hand him yer hand wrapped up in a boxin' mitt. (*Squares off in a pugilistic manner.*)

SALLY: No, no. You misunderstand me. Mr. Well *thinks* he is a very sick man. I do not believe there is anything the matter with him. I want him to brace up, be a man and go in for athletics. I think some sort of a physical culture exercise would be of great benefit to him.

NIFTY: Youse are right, girlye. Dem physical *tortures* are just de proper caper for de gee. Turn him over to me. I'll do him good. (*Makes pugilistic motions.*)

SALLY: No, no, Mr. Nix. I don't want him killed outright, you know; but I do think a few private lessons from you, delivered in an easy manner, would do much to straighten him up.

NIFTY: Oh, I'd straighten him up, all right. Who is dis gee, anyhow?

(*Enter Fairleigh, stands in center door, listening.*)

SALLY: His name is Fairleigh Well, and he is a

very nice young man. (*She discovers Fairleigh, but he is not supposed to know that she has seen him*) Yes, he is a very nice young man—in his own estimation.

(*Fairleigh is still muffled as before, and now he sneaks behind the Japanese screen.*)

NIFTY: Oh, I'm wise, all right, all right. He's one of dem gees wot's always handin' demselves bunches of violets.

SALLY: Yes, he thinks he amounts to something. but he doesn't. (*She glances at screen and then says aside:*) I'll teach Mr. Fairleigh Well a good lesson.

(*Fairleigh meanwhile has stepped on a chair behind screen and peeked over the top. He makes a wry face at them.*)

NIFTY: Oh, dere's a hull lot of gees in dis world like him. Say, wot's he look like?

SALLY: He looks like the very mischief. He's all muffled up, and carries a hot water bag about his neck.

NIFTY: Oh, I seen dat lob. I tought he was nuts from de first call of time.

(*Fairleigh shakes his fist at them, then takes the water bag and throws it over top of screen and across the stage.*)

SALLY: (*Not appearing to notice Fairleigh.*) Mr. Nix, I've so longed to talk to a real live prize fighter. I'm so glad you are here. Do you ever realize that you are a very handsome man, Mr. Nix?

NIFTY: (*Swelling out his chest proudly, etc.*) Why, cert, cull—excuse me, I mean, girlie. I'm one of the best lookers dat ever landed a knockout on a girl's heart. (*Aside.*) Dere's nottin' to it. Dis dame is goin' dippy over me.

SALLY: (*Glances significantly at screen, then*



*turns coquettishly to Nifty.*) It's strange, Mr. Nix—you don't mind if I call you Nifty, do you?

NIFTY: Sure, not; girlie.

SALLY: Well, it's strange, Nifty, that you have never met your affinity.

NIFTY: Well, you see, girlie, I've always drawn de color line. I'd never fight a nigger.

SALLY: (*Laughs.*) You misunderstand me. I mean, it's strange that you've never married—

NIFTY: Oh, now I'm wise. (*Draws nearer to her.*) You see, girlie, it's dis way. I never seen a dame dat I tought was in me own class. Say, do youse know dat youse come nearer to bein' a proposition in peaches wid me dan any I ever seen?

SALLY: (*Sighing heavily.*) You don't tell me.

NIFTY: Sure, I tell you. I've seen a bunch of different skirts in me time, but dey was nix wid me till I puts me lamps on youse. (*Tries to put his arm about her, but she draws back.*) Gee, I didn't know dat clinchin' was barred.

(*Fairleigh bobs up from behind screen and throws his cap viciously across stage, then shakes his fist at the two.*)

SALLY: Well, you see, Nifty, I've hardly known you long enough to have you—

NIFTY: (*Interrupts.*) Oh, dat's all right, girlie. We'll get acquainted purty quick.

(*Fairleigh bobs up and sails his overcoat across stage, then shakes his fist and makes faces at them.*)

SALLY: (*Aside.*) Mr. Fairleigh Well is evidently getting warm. My treatment is taking effect. (*To Nifty.*) I hope we shall become *very* good friends after a while, Nifty.

NIFTY: Leave it to me, girlie; leave it to me.

SALLY: (*Sits on one end of the sofa, motions him to sit beside her.*) Come here, Nifty, and sit down.

NIFTY: (*Swells up proudly, then struts to sofa and*

sits at other end from her.) Gee, I'm glad youse tied a can to dat friend of yours.

SALLY: (*Puzzled.*) Tied a can to him? Why, what do you mean?

NIFTY: Oh, excuse me, girly; I forgot dat youse wasn't wise to dat kind of spiel. Ye see, when youse say youse tied a can to a guy, dat means skidoo fer him.

SALLY: Skidoo?

NIFTY: Sure. Skidoo! Twenty-three! Blow! Vamp! Git!

SALLY: Oh, now I know. It means that I am angry with him, and he must go.

NIFTY: Dat's de idea, girly.

SALLY: (*Brightly.*) Oh, it must be lovely to know how to talk your language. You will teach me, won't you, Nifty. (*Slides a little closer to him.*)

NIFTY: Sure ting. But I tought dat everybody was wise to de plain United States spiel. But dat mummy was no good nohow. He was a dead one fer fair, and ought to be on his way to de morgue.

SALLY: (*Laughs.*) All men can't be as handsome and strong as you, Nifty. (*He slides towards her.*)

(*Fairleigh bobs up and throws his coat and vest across stage. Then says in a fierce aside: "I'll come down there, Mr. Nifty, and punch your jaw in a minute."*)

NIFTY: Well, I ain't no knocker, girly, but I couldn't like dat guy fer money.

SALLY: Neither could I, Nifty.

(*They both slide a little closer together, while Fairleigh tears off his collar and tie and throws them angrily, then shakes his fist at them.*)

NIFTY: I don't like to break away from dis clinch, but ain't it about time we was puttin' on de mitts fer yer lesson?

SALLY: Oh, there's no hurry, Nifty. I'm so happy here beside you. (*Leans her head on his shoulder.*)

NIFTY: Well, go as far as you like. I kin stand fer dis all day.

(*Fairleigh bobs up and throws his outer shirt over screen. His undershirt should be tight-fitting and have short sleeves, and he should wear a belt about the waist of his trousers. After throwing off the outer shirt, he tips over the screen with a crash and then rushes down stage and stands with folded arms in front of Nifty and Sally. She jumps up with a frightened scream. Nifty looks indifferently at Fairleigh.*)

WELL: You scoundrel! How dare you make love to my Sally!

NIFTY: (*To Sally.*) Who's your friend?

SALLY: (*Frightened.*) Oh, that's Mr. Well.

NIFTY: (*Rising and putting out his hand to Fairleigh.*) Glad to get hep to youse, Mr. Well. Hope youse are well.

WELL: (*Drawing away and speaking fiercely.*) Do you suppose I come here to shake your hand—the hand of a scoundrel like you.

NIFTY: (*Good naturedly.*) Oh, I ain't so particular.

SALLY: (*Pleadingly.*) Mr. Nix, please don't have any trouble with Mr. Well.

NIFTY: (*Laughs.*) Trouble wid him? I should say I wouldn't have any trouble wid him. Why, he'd be a cinch fer me—no trouble at all

WELL: (*Fiercely.*) You big duffer! If it were not for the presence of this lady, I'd knock your ugly head off. (*Shakes his fist in Nifty's face.*)

SALLY: (*Throws her arms about Fairleigh's neck.*) Don't, Fairleigh! Please don't strike him.

WELL: (*Shakes loose from her embrace.*) Go way from me! You are as bad as he!

NIFTY: Here, here, cull! Just cut dat out! Youse kin trow de gaff inter me, but nix on handin' her any roasted language.

WELL: Oh, I'm not afraid of you. Don't think for a moment that I am, either. (*Strikes a very heroic attitude.*)

SALLY: (*To Fairleigh.*) Oh, how like a man you speak and act. I really didn't know twas in you, Fairleigh dear. I will never have cause to call you a "mummy" again.

NIFTY: Huly gee! is dis de mummy guy?

SALLY: (*Angrily.*) Don't you dare call him a mummy, sir!

WELL: No, sir; don't you dare!

NIFTY: (*Laughs.*) Oh, I'm wise to de game now. Youse both love each other—

SALLY: (*Interrupting.*) I don't love him—

NIFTY: (*Interrupting her in return.*) Nix, girlie, don't cut in now. Let me make my little spiel. (*To Fairleigh.*) Do youse love dis dame?

WELL: What business is it of yours? You come outside for a minute and I'll soon show you that I don't love you.

NIFTY: Nix fer you, cull, too. I'm de manager of youse two now, and youse'll have to pull off dis match de way I say or dere'll be someting doin'. Now youse two git together and come to a agreeement, see!

WELL: (*Fiercely.*) Never! I shall never speak to Miss Smite again.

NIFTY: Oh, yes, youse will! (*To Sally.*) Come here, little one. (*Sally stands to right of Nifty, Fairleigh to left.*) Now youse two kids cut out all dis fierce talk, grab mits and listen to de referee. (*He takes their right hands and clasps them together; he stands back of their hands and between the two.*) I want to tell youse two kids someting. A hull lot



of folks in dis world tink dat a prize fighter ain't got no heart or no sense. Dey seem to tink dat all he's got is a pair of tough hands and a ugly jaw. But a hull lot of folks would be fooled if dey was wise to Nifty Nix. I got a heart, kids, and I got a hull bunch of good sound sense up here (taps forehead), and dere ain't no fighter in de business husky enough to pound dat sense out of me nut—

WELL: (*Interrupting.*) But what has all this to do—

NIFTY: Nix wid de butt-in, cull. I'm master of ceremonies here, and de show goes me own way. I kin see widout de aid of a telescope dat both of youse is dead stuck on de other. And I kin see wid de naked eye also dat I'm not in youse class. Dat's where me good sound sense gits in its work, see? (*To Fairleigh.*) Now youse reach over and kiss de little one smack on de lips, and tell her youse love her most to death.

WELL: (*Trying to draw away.*) Why, the idea! I shall do nothing of—

NIFTY: (*Grabbing Fairleigh's wrist.*) Yes, youse will. If youse don't I'll fergit I'm a gentleman, and, and—(*looks at Sally*) and I'll slap youse right hard on de wrist. (*To Sally.*) Do youse want dis gent to hand youse a kiss, little one?

SALLY: (*Hangs her head in confusion.*) Why—why, Mr. Nix, I—

NIFTY: Dat'll do youse, little one. I kin see dat youse do. (*Steps back from them.*) Now then, clinch and git busy.

(*Fairleigh and Sally look shyly at each other, then he opens his arms, she rushes into them and they kiss.*)

NIFTY: (*Clapping his hands.*) Great! Dat's a good a mix-up as ever I seen. (*Picks hat up from table, puts it on, pulls a cigarette from his pocket and walks to center door.* Fairleigh and Sally now clasp

*hands, turn and watch his movements. At the door he turns to them and says:)* Now, kids, I'm goin' to blow and leave youse together. But I want ter hand youse a word or two before I skidoo. Youse two must git busy right away and sign articles fer a life match. De little one's father will sure hang up a purse, and all youse has got to do is start in to train fer de event of yer lives. As fer me—well, I know when I'm travelin' out of me class. Good-by.

SALLY: But my boxing lessons, Mr. Nix.

NIFTY: Cut out de boxin', little one, and youse'll make dat kid happy. Leave boxin' to prize fighters. (*Lights cigarette.*) Now are youse both willin' to sign de articles?

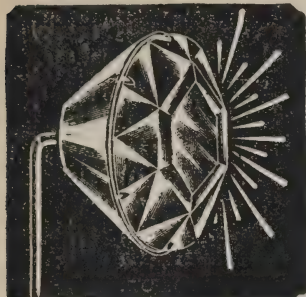
WELL: We are. (*Sally bows her head.*)

NIFTY: Den may de Great Referee (*points upward*) bless youse, and give youse a even break. Good-by.

(*He pulls hat low over forehead, puffs hard on cigarette and walks slowly off stage, through center door.*)

CURTAIN.

# BURLESQUE STAGE JEWELRY, Etc.



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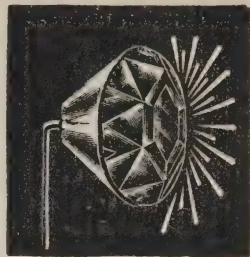
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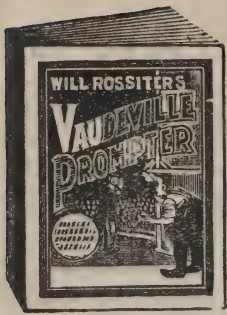
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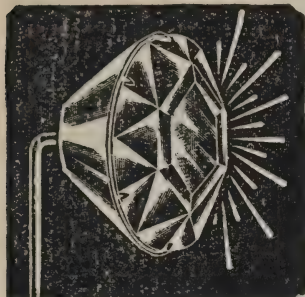
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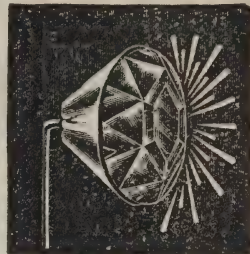
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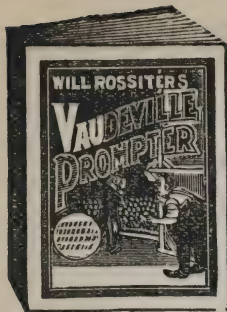
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**Editorials** How to Book Dates in Vaudeville is alone worth a hundred times the price of the volume, and can be found in no other publication. This article gives complete information on this momentous subject, including a list of all the different vaudeville circuits, the names and addresses

of the booking managers, the best time to write for work, and also specimen letters to guide you. Don't Be a Knocker is another great article, as is also Professional Jealousy—articles full of tips for amateur and "profehs."

## Parodies on Popular Songs

Always in the Way, Navajo, Three Women to Every Man, Eva (both Hebrew and straight), Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis, Tell Me That Beautiful Story, A Parody Medley, Oh, Didn't He Ramble, Why Don't You Go, Go, Got Like a Star When It Falls From Heaven, Stay in Your Own Back-Yard, A Dutch parody on Bill Bailey, The Story of the Rose, I've a Longing in My Heart for You, Louise, Anona, Maiden with the Dreamy Eyes, Mandy, Mansion of Aching Hearts, O, Promise Me, Down on the Farm, etc. Every one of them is full of snap from start to finish.

## Gags, Jokes, Comic Poetry, Etc.

Compiled under this heading are the latest and funniest bits in stories, gags, epitaphs, and comic poetry; just the thing for "encore stuff" or "cut-up" work in the parlor. What's the Use! A late bit of tramp verse by Harry L. Newton, is a gem. The Epitaphs are new, original, and very, very funny, and never fail to make good.

## New Professional Recitations

Let us gather together several encore bits. A FINISH FIGHT, by Aaron Hoffman, and delivered with a classic gem. Our first intention was to publish it as a separate volume, but later decided to give our Prompter patrons the first chance at it. THE KIND OF A FELLER I LIKE is a strong bit of character work, as is also the one entitled, PITCHIN' THE TUNE, which recalls old times, all of which, and more, can be found in the great No. 5.

## Monologues?

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## Encore Bits

The incessant demand from both professional and amateur buyers of the Prompter has led us to gather together several encore bits. They are all new, original, and positively sure-fire, as they have been tried out by prominent vaudeville performers. There are bits for all kinds of acts, both single and double, also dumb acts, and you need have no fear about not finding something that will suit.

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**N. B.** You have now read the list of contents, and have probably compared it with previous numbers of the N. B. Prompter. It is almost double the size of No. 4, is it not? And while it is double the size of any one or two-dollar publication of stage material on the market, we have not increased the price one cent. It is still 50 cents. Printed on fine stock, from new type, cover in two colors. Sent to any address on receipt of the price.



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This book is one of almost 200 pages, and printed from new type on novelty paper. It tells you everything you want to know about how to "put on" minstrels, and starts in with the idea that you have never had any experience in this class of work, and carefully tells you every little detail.

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# SHYLOCK BONES.

A BURLESQUE ON SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY HARRY L. NEWTON.

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A vaudeville playlet. Playing time, 20 minutes.  
TIME, *any old time*. PLACE, *London (?)*.

## CHARACTERS.

SHYLOCK BONES, *a defective detective*.

DR. SWATSON, *his friend*.

BILLY, *Shylock's office boy*.

COUNTESS OUT, *in search of her pet dog*.

PROF. MOORE AIRITY, *a regular villain*.

## SCENE.

*Sitting room in Shylock Bones' house. Large table at center stage, covered with cloth, which hangs almost to floor. On table are books, papers, call bell and an empty, large tin oil can; also pipes, tobacco and matches. The whole effect of stage setting being to represent a bachelor's apartment or den.*

## COSTUMES.

SHYLOCK BONES. *Face made up thin and white; eyes darkened and lines underneath. Wears long lounging robe and slippers. Entire effect being a reproduction of the original Sherlock Holmes' pictures only burlesqued.*

DR. SWATSON. *Face reddened; wig slightly gray; long, gray whiskers. Dressed in black cutaway suit; cane, gloves and high hat. Dignified appearance. Very delicate in speech and action.*

Gen. res. 15 Nov. 44  
Rantlin

BILLY. *Face red, red wig; dressed in tight fitting suit of blue, or bell boy's uniform. Speaks with strong Cockney accent. Eccentric in manner.*

COUNTESS OUT. *Elegant, up-to-date costume. Speaks with much affectation and imitating a swell society woman.*

PROF. MOORE AIRITY. *Smooth face; hair slightly gray. Rusty black suit and very seedy in general appearance. Speaks with an Irish brogue.*

*(Enter Dr. Swatson at rise. Walks briskly to table—center—lays his hat and cane on it, then rings bell.)*

*(Enter Billy with a rush.)*

DR. S.: Billy, is your master up yet?

BILLY: Yes, sir; I don't think he is, sir.

DR. S.: Tell him I should like a word with him. *(Billy starts for door.)* One moment, Billy. *(Billy stops, turns.)* Tell him perhaps I shall speak more than one word.

BILLY: Thank ye kindly, sir. *(Exits, with a rush.)*

DR. S.: Smart boy, that. He'll be larger when he grows some. *(Turns to table, picks up a book, opens it.)*

*(Enter Shylock Bones. He has his hands in the pockets of his lounging robe. Walks slowly to table, picks up oil can, places small end to one wrist and presses the bottom with thumb, as if injecting morphine. Dr. Swatson, still with book in hands, watches him closely the while.)*

BONES *(Laying down can, discovers Dr.)*: Ah, good morning, doctor. I knew you were here.

DR. S.: *(Shaking his head.)*: My dear fellow, why do you persist in using that awful stuff? It will only kill you.

BONES: Tut, tut, and likewise pooh-pooh, doc. I am Shylock Bones. Nothing can kill me. But, sit down, doc. I'm feeling rotten this morning. I haven't captured a murderer since last night.

(*Both sit.*)

DR. S.: Yes, I know, Shylock. A man of your temperament must have a murderer every ten minutes or he gets lonesome. Tell me, how did you know I was here?

BONES: Doc, you surprise me. Really, I give you credit for having more horse sense. I simply deduced it from the evidence I had in hand.

DR. S.: Evidence? I don't understand, Shylock.

BONES: Very simple matter, Doc. Billy told me you were here, and from that I made my deductions. (*Picks up pipe, fills and lights it.*)

DR. S.: Wonderful! Wonderful!

BONES: Nothing wonderful about it, doc. simply a matter of deduction. (*Looks closely at Dr.*) You had eggs for your breakfast this morning. You had eggs, didn't you?

DR. S.: Ah, that's where you're wrong. I did not have eggs for my breakfast. Why do you say I had?

BONES (*Rising and pointing his finger in Dr.'s face.*) Deduction again, doc. The yellow of eggs is still in your beard.

DR. S. (*Putting hand to whiskers.*): You are away off, Shylock. Today is Thursday. I only eat eggs on a Friday. It is just a week tomorrow since I ate the eggs which left these stains on my whiskers. Ha, ha, ha!

BONES (*Sinking back into chair.*): Curses on my deduction! I should have known you bathe but once a week.

DR. S.: Cheer up, Shylock; the worst is yet to come.

BONES (*Sighing.*): Nothing can be worse, doc; nothing can be worse.

(*Enter Billy, with a rush. Runs all about stage, jumping on chairs, over furniture and so forth, crazy*

manner. *Then he stops in front of Bones and salutes.*)

BONES: Well, Billy, what is it?

BILLY: There's a carriage without, sir!?

DR. S.: Without what, Billy?

BONES: Doctor, there's but one answer. If there's a carriage without, it is without horses.

DR. S.: An Automobile?

BONES: Sure, Mike.

DR. S.: Wonderful! Wonderful!

BONES: Merely a matter of deduction, doc; that's all. *(Puffs on pipe vigorously.)* Has the automobile four wheels, Billy?

BILLY: Yes, sir; thank ye kindly, sir.

BONES: Ah, 'tis as I thought.

BILLY: And there was a man in it, sir. He

BONES *(Interrupting.)*: A man? 'Tis as I thought. A male man, doc; not a dog or a cat, but a male man. Billy, listen closely to me. Has the man four fingers and a thumb on one hand, and a thumb and four fingers on the other hand?

BILLY: Yes, sir; thank ye kindly, sir.

BONES *(Lays down pipe, picks up oil can, injects into wrist as before; then sighs and lays it back on table.)*: Doc, forgive me, but I needed a little stimulant after such arduous brain labor.

DR. S.: But the man, Shylock? The man outside with four fingers and a thumb on one hand and a thumb and four fingers on the other? Who is he? *(Excited manner.)*

BONES *(Mysterious manner and voice.)*: Sh! Doc, that man is a regular villain in the play. He smokes cigarettes and plays golf.

DR. S.: Horrible! horrible!

BONES: But that is not all. Far be it from those, doc.

DR. S.: Can he be worse than that?

BONES: Yes, doc. Years ago this man was respectable and well thought of. But he has gone



from bad to worse and now he has been seen to ride home in the smoking compartment of a car.

DR. S. (*Springs to his feet, agitated manner.*): Good Heavens! And you would admit such a man to your rooms?

BONES: Yes. But remember I am Shylock Bones. Nothing can harm me. (*To Billy.*) Billy, show the man up.

BILLY: Yes, sir; thank ye kindly, sir. (*Runs all about the stage, in crazy manner, over chairs and so forth, then exit.*)

DR. S.: A bright boy, that Billy.

BONES: Yes, he comes by it naturally. His father died of Bright's disease. And now, doc, I must ask a favor of you. Please step into a side room until I call you. I think I shall need your assistance. I am about to meet a regular villain.

DR. S.: Well, give him a slap on the wrist, Shylock, and make him behave.

BONES: All right, doc. Now make your get-away.

DR. S.: Very good. I'm off. (*Exit.*)

BONES: Yes, I knew that a long time ago. He's away off. (*Taps forehead significantly, with finger tips.*)

(*Enter Prof. Moore Airity. Stands in center door, looks at Bones for an instant before speaking. Bones returns the look, hands in pockets.*)

PROF.: Mr. Shylock Bones, I believe.

BONES (*Staggering back—hisses.*): Discovered!

PROF. (*Advancing slowly into room, eyes on Bones. Bones retreats and gets behind table.*): I have come to see you on a matter of grave importance.

BONES: I know nothing about graves. Go to the cemetery, Prof. Moore Airity.

PROF.: Ah, you are a joker! I thought you was only a two-spot. A dirty deuce in a dirty deck, Mr. Shylock Bones.

(*They have both been walking around the table. Bones backing away and the Prof. following. They make circuit of table three times—then:—*)

PROF.: When you get through with this one hundred dash I'd like to talk with you—*Mister Shylock Bones!*

BONES: I know what you have came for—

PROF.: Bah! - And you are afriad?

BONES: I am Shylock Bones, the gr-eat detective! I am *never* afraid—in a book. Sit down; and be careful how you take your hand from your pocket. (*Prof. has right hand in hip pocket, while Bones has right hand in right hand pocket of dressing gown. Prof. sits down slowly, all the while with eyes on Bones and hand in hip pocket; as he sits on chair he makes a quick movement and pulls out handkerchief; at the same time Bones makes quick move and pulls out pipe. These movements to be made as if both were suspicious of each other and both were drawing revolvers. This is a burlesque on a scene from the "Sherlock Holmes" play, and should be done in the manner described. Make actions deliberate and allow sufficient time for "laughs."*)

PROF.: You have the best of me, *Mister Shylock Bones*. You are there with the "pipe."

BONES (*Standing against table, with pipe clutched in right hand and stem pointing at Prof.*): Yes, and I am going to smoke up, too.

PROF.: That's right; *smoke up* before you go out.

BONES (*Sits down, fills and lights pipe while speaking.*): Now, Prof. Moore Airity, to what am I indebted for the honor of your visit? What's your game, anyhow? The last I knew of you, you were a book-agent. Have you reformed since then?

PROF.: No, I have not reformed *Mister Shylock Bones*. I shall never reform. I go from *bad to worse*.

BONES: Ah! He is going from *Chicago* to *St. Louis*. Isn't he a villain?

PROF.: In my former vocation of book-agent, I called on you on various occasions to try and induce you to buy my books. But, *curse you!* You refused! Now I have come again.

BONES (*Half rising, excited manner.*): What! with more books?

PROF.: No! I *have come to take your life!* (*Rises to feet, with right hand inside breast pocket of coat.*)

BONES (*Startled, rings bell on table, calls.*): Billy! Billy, I say! (*Slight pause.*)

PROF. (*Sneeringly.*): Your servant does not appear to answer very promptly this morning, *Mister Shylock Bones.*

BONES: Take your hand from that inside pocket. Prof. Moore Airity. Take your hand from that pocket.

PROF.: Bah! What are you afraid of?

BONES: You said you had come to take my life.

PROF. (*Draws out folded piece of legal-looking paper from pocket.*): And so I have. I have come to take your life—insurance.

BONES (*Falls back on his chair, business of gasping, choking and so forth.*): No, No! Anything but that! Anything but that, you wretch!

PROF. (*Chuckles.*): Ha, ha! The blow has struck home! But your *Billy* does not answer the bell. I wonder what has happened to him?

(*Tremendous noise off stage. Both men jump to feet and stand facing center door. Noise continues for an instant, then Billy comes rushing in. His face is chalky white, his collar hangs from his neck band with a single thread. He has on a torn coat, and his trousers are turned up halfway to his knees. He rushes up to Bones and salutes.*)

BONES: Billy, I rung the bell three times. Why did you not come hither from thence?

BILLY: Thank ye kindly, sir; but that guy there talked life insurance to me, and I just come to.

BONES (*Turning to Prof.*): Do you hear that, you villain? He just come *two*. He should have come once, but now he comes *two* times.

PROF.: Ha, ha! and ha, ha!

BONES: Billy, he is giving us the ha—ha!

BILLY: Thank ye kindly, sir.

BONES: Billy, this man here is only a life insurance agent. He doesn't belong in this room. He is trying to insure the life of Shylock Bones, the gr-eat detective. Kick him from the house.

BILLY: Oh, thank ye very kindly, sir.

(*Bones takes up oil can and injects into wrist, turning back to Prof. Billy grabs Prof. by coat collar and seat of trousers and runs him through center door, then releases him and kicks hard at Prof. This is instantly followed by noise in imitation of some object falling down stairs and then by sound of breaking glass. Billy then exits from view of audience.*)

BONES (*Laying down oil can.*): This is my busy day.

(*Enter Dr. S.*)

DR. S. (*Coming briskly to Bones.*): Which way did he go?

(*Crash off stage.*)

BONES: You hear for yourself.

DR. S.: Is he coming back?

BONES: No; he's going yet.

(*Another crash off stage.*)

DR. S.: That Billy is a smart boy.

BONES: Yes, and he made the professor *smart*.

(*Both sit.*)

DR. S.: Was he the man you thought he was?



BONES: No. Billy had no trouble in throwing him out.

DR. S.: I mean to say, did he answer your description?

BONES: Yes, he had four fingers and a thumb on each hand. He came to take my life.

DR. S.: Horrible!

BONES: My life insurance.

DR. S.: Still more horrible!

*(Enter Billy. Runs all about stage, over furniture and so forth, then stops and salutes Bones.)*

BONES: Well, Billy, What's eating you this time?

BILLY: Thank ye kindly, sir; but there's a lady without.

BONES: Ah, very interesting, I'm sure. Does she wear a dress, some sort of a wrap and a hat, Billy?

BILLY: She does, sir; thank ye very kindly, sir.

BONES: Ah, very suspicious; very suspicious.

DR. S.: Wonderful! How did you know it was a woman, Shylock?

BONES: A mere matter of deduction. A man does not wear the articles I mentioned, doc.

DR. S.: Pshaw! I never thought of that.

BONES: Never mind, old chap. We can't all be Shylock Bones, you know. You will oblige me, doc, if you will keep your trap closed while the lady is in the room.

DR. S.: Certainly; I shall obey.

BONES *(To Billy)*: Show the lady up, Billy.

BILLY: Thank ye kindly, sir. *(Runs all about stage and exits.)*

DR. S.: A very clever boy, that Billy.

BONES *(Injects with oil can.)*: You'll forgive me, doc, but I need this in my business. This is a desperate woman who is now without.)

*(Countess Out, outside—"Oh, where is he? Where*

*is he? I must see him at once!" Both men jump from their chairs and then crawl quickly under the table.)*  
(Countess Out enter.)

COUNTESS (*Looks all about the room, then walks in agitated manner all about stage.*): They have lied to me. They told me he was here.

BONES (*Sticks head from under the table.*): He has just gone out to shoot a couple of burglars. He'll be back tomorrow.

COUNTESS (*Still walking in agitated manner; does not appear to hear Bones' remark.*): Oh, why is he not here? Why is he not here?

BONES: Because he is here, Madam.

COUNTESS (*Stops, wrings hands.*): I must calm myself, or I shall not be able to tell him all.

BONES: Shame on you. Tell me *all* or I won't play.

DR. S. (*Sticks head out from other side of table.*): Did you lose something, Madam? (*Draws head back again.*)

COUNTESS (*Starting and looking all about.*): What voice was that I heard?

BONES: That was the ice man.

COUNTESS (*Discovers Bones' head sticking from under neath table cloth.*): Ah, there is somebody under that table. Perhaps it's a dog.

BONES: Yes, it's a dog. Bow-wow! Bow-wow! (*Barks loudly.*)

COUNTESS: Perhaps it's my little Jack. The little dog I have lost. Here Jack, come here. (*Stoops down, sees Bones and Dr. under table.*) Why, there are two men—perhaps burglars under the table. (*Screams.*) Help! Help! Murder! Thieves!

BONES (*Crawling from under table; stands up.*): Fear nothing, Madam. I am here!

COUNTESS: And who are you?

BONES: Shylock Bones, the gr-eat detective (*Folds arms across his breast.*)

COUNTESS: Saved! Saved!

DR. S. (*Crawls from under table; jumps to feet.*): Shaved! shaved!

COUNTESS: For gracious sake! What were you doing under that table?

BONES: Merely making a few deductions—that's all.

DR. S.: That's all, Madam.

COUNTESS (*Aside.*): Strange thing for a great detective to be doing. But now to have him find my Jack. My dear, sweet, little doggie.

BONES (*Aside.*): She has a shoe on each foot. Very suspicious. Very suspicious, indeed. (*To Countess.*) What brought you here, madam?

COUNTESS: I have lost something—Oh, I have lost something. (*Wrings hands.*)

BONES (*To Dr.*): Doc, have you got it?

DR. S.: No; you can search me.

BONES (*To Countess.*): And what have you lost, Madam?

COUNTESS: I have lost my Jack—my poor Jack.

BONES (*Aside.*): Ah, she has lost her husband. Poor thing! (*To Countess.*) Pray, be seated. I must ask you a few questions.

(*All take chairs.*)

COUNTESS: Yes, yes; ask all you wish, but please hurry.

BONES: At what time did you first miss Jack?

COUNTESS: This morning; immediately after I had given him his breakfast.

BONES (*In an aside, to Dr.*): He ducked just as soon as she gave him a breakfast. Very suspicious. (*To Countess.*) And what did you give him for breakfast?

COUNTESS: A nice, large dog biscuit.

BONES (*To Dr.*): Can you blame Jack for making his escape? (*Dr. shakes head, Bones picks up pencil, makes notes.*) Was he in the habit of leaving the

house immediately after he got his nice, large dog biscuit?

COUNTRESS: No, no! He never left my side—not in years before. (*Aside.*) Oh, my poor little dog—my poor little dog!

BONES: Ah, never left your side in years. Which side, Madam?

COUNTRESS: Why, both sides, sir. That's a figure of speech. But don't trifle with me; don't trifle with me. Can't you see I'm in despair?

BONES (*To Dr.*): She's in despair. Very suspicious—*very* suspicious. (*To Countess.*) Did he have any bad habits, Madam?

COUNTRESS: A few: But he was not at all vicious. Sometimes he growled at me—that's all.

BONES (*Aside to Dr.*): Ah, he *growled* at her. Very suspicious. Very likely a cranky sort of a husband.

COUNTRESS: Oh, sir, tell me; do you think you can find him?

BONES: Oh, no doubt of it. Will you please give me a description of him, madam.

COUNTRESS: He was all white except for a black spot on the center of his back. His one ear was brown and the other was black.

DR. S.: He looks like a freak to me, Shylock.

BONES: Silence, doctor. This grows interesting. Was he born with those marks on him or did he come by them through any fault of yours, Madam?

COUNTRESS: Sir! He was born that way. I am in no wise responsible for those marks.

BONES (*Aside, thoughtfully.*): Ah, very suspicious! Very suspicious. (*Picks up oil can, injects into wrist.*)

COUNTRESS: Do you have hope, sir?

BONES (*Absent mindedly.*): Oh, yes, would you like some? (*Recovers himself.*) No, no, I don't mean that.



COUNTRESS: Then you have no hope?

BONES: No. Ask the doctor. He may have some in his pockets somewhere. Doc, have you any hope?

COUNTRESS: Oh, sir, I beg—

BONES: She's going to beg now. Madam, I have no hope and no money. You can't beg anything from me.

COUNTRESS: Then I shall go. I was told to come to Shylock Bones and that he would find my Jack.

BONES: Forgive me; I will find Jack for you, even if it breaks my heart. One thing more, Madam. What did Jack have on when he left his happy home?

COUNTRESS: Just a collar.

BONES (*Springing to his feet.*): Just a what, Madam?

(*Dr. also jumps to feet, stares in astonishment.*)

COUNTRESS: Just a collar.

BONES: For the love of heaven! Doc, what do you think of that?

DR. S.: I think he'll get pinched quick.

BONES (*To Countess.*): Are you quite sure that he had on only a collar?

COUNTRESS: Why, certainly. I guess I ought to know.

BONES: I guess you had. Very suspicious; very suspicious. Where did he have the collar, Madam?

COUNTRESS: Why, around his neck, to be sure. Where else would he have it?

BONES: True. Where else would he have it? What was the color of his hair?

COUNTRESS: Pure white, sir.

BONES (*Aside.*): Well, what do you think of that old reprobate? White haired and running away from home with nothing but a collar about his neck, too. What was his age, Madam?

COUNTESS: Seven months exactly.

BONES (*surprised.*): Seven what?

COUNTESS: Seven months.

BONES: Very suspicious—very suspicious! If he is only seven months of age, how old was he when he married you?

COUNTESS (*Springing to her feet; indignantly.*): When he married me? You fool! What are you talking about?

BONES: About Jack, your seven months old husband.

COUNTESS: Oh, you idiot! Jack is my dog—my little dog.

BONES: Another great mystery solved, doc—Oh, how tried I am. (*Sinks into chair, picks up oil can, injects.*)

(*Enter Billy, with a rush.*)

BILLY: Prof. Moore Airity is out there with a gun. He's coming to kill ye, sir.

(*Countess screams and runs from room. Noise off stage.*)

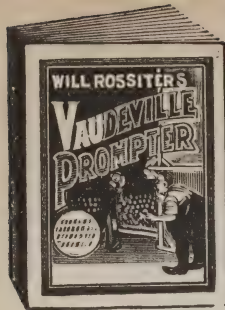
DR. S.: Have no fear, Shylock. Run like the deuce. I'll set the pace.

(*Dr. runs once about stage, closely followed by Bones, both exit. Billy stands and watches them, then runs in his crazy manner about stage and exit.*)

(*Loud shot fired off stage, then music plays a funeral march. Enter Billy, marching in time to music. He is followed by Dr. Swatson and Shylock Bones. The doctor has his hands thrust out before him and covered with a pair of boots. Bones has his head thrown back and a bed sheet covers them both; that is, it exposes the boots carried by Dr. Swatson; and then runs along and comes just under the chin of Bones. In other words, the effect to be produced is that of two men carrying the body of another on their shoulders; where in reality there are but two, the effect will be that of three. As center stage is reached,*

*Billy jerks sheet off, exposing the trick. Bones goes to table, picks up oil can, injects and then says: "Another mystery solved, doc." Dr. and Billy make a low bow to him, as curtain falls.)*

*(Quick curtain.)*



# Vaudeville Prompter No. 6

There is hardly need of our laudatory language relative to the **Vaudeville Prompter**. The book is now firmly established on its own merits, and **YOU** know it. You know what the past issues have been. Perhaps all you are interested in is to know something about the contents of No. 6. Lots of our patrons don't even care what's between the covers. They simply say: "When the next number comes out, rush it to me." They know it's usable material or it wouldn't be in the Prompter. No. 6 is better than No. 5. Better than anything in its line in

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This book tells you how to select your people among your friends; how to arrange and set the stage; how to rehearse your people; how to make up and arrange your program, giving a printed form in the book. Gives complete words and music of one of the best medleys ever composed. This indispensable Opening Medley, to the amateur, is worth its weight in gold. A red-hot opening medley means a howling success for your show, if done properly, and this book tells you how to do it properly, even telling you all the detail "stage business" for the end men. This book tells you the steps and marches, when and how to use them. This book gives you page after page of funny sayings and jokes for the end men, tambos, and bones. Tells you the duty of everyone taking part in the show. Gives you a list of suitable first-part ballads and list of suitable end songs. Gives you lots of comical conversation for the middle man and end men, lots of new and clean stump speeches, all kinds of funny monologues, hundreds of jokes, get-backs, and afterpieces. Tells you how to close the first part, how to open the olio, what kind of acts to put on in the olio, and how to get up a big act for the closing of your olio. Gives you list of all kinds of make-up, burnt cork etc., with prices, and tells you just where to get them. Gives you price-list of tambos and bones. This book also tells you how to black up and how to wash up, or, in other words, tells you the most simple and quickest way to take the "black" off your face and hands. This book tells you how to dress the first part, and the cheapest, and at the same time most effective, costume to make. Besides all this valuable information, which is now published for the first time, there is in this book enough stage material for a dozen shows. Our aim in putting this book on the market is to enable you to "put on" a first-class minstrel show by following every detail of the given instructions. Any previous experience is positively not necessary if you have this book. Furthermore, the publisher of this book will gladly answer all questions free of charge pertaining to How to "Put on" Minstrel Shows.

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# WHAT HAPPENED TO HANNAH

A MINSTREL AFTERPIECE

BY

HARRY L. NEWTON

AUTHOR OF

*"A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy," "The Booster Club of Blackville," "A Colored Honeymoon," "The Coontown Thirteen Club," "The Darktown Fire Brigade," "The Goodfellow," "Good Mornin', Judge," "The Heiress of Hoetown," "Jayville Junction," "Laughland via the Ha Ha Route," "Memphis Mose, War Correspondent," "Minstrel Cross-Fire," "Oh, Doctor!" "A Rehearsal at Ten," Etc.*



CHICAGO  
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# WHAT HAPPENED TO HANNAH

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## CHARACTERS.

WASHINGTON O'BRIEN LEE.....*A Colored Calciminer*  
HANNAH.....*His wife*

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PLACE—*Any city.*

SCENE—*The Lee Kitchen.*

TIME—*Early evening.*

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TIME OF PLAYING—*Fifteen Minutes.*

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## COSTUMES.

WASHINGTON—Calciminer's overalls and jumper, change to "loud" smoking jacket after entrance. Chocolate colored facial make-up.

HANNAH—Large figured calico dress and white apron. Wears short-haired wig, with face made up very black.

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## PROPERTIES.

In the cupboard are numerous dishes, such as pots, pans, etc. In one dish about twenty potatoes. Loaf of bread, knives, forks, etc. On bench is wash basin partly filled with water; cake of soap, and over it a soiled roller towel; alongside is a cracked mirror. Coffee pot, tin pot and frying pan for gas stove. Watch chain and package containing two back combs.

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## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; C., center; R. C., right center; L., left; 1 E., first entrance; U. E., upper entrance; R. 3 E., right entrance, up-stage, etc.; R. D., right door; L. D., left door, etc.; D. F., door in flat or back of the stage; up-stage, away from footlights, down-stage, near footlights; 1 G., first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

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## WHAT HAPPENED TO HANNAH

SCENE: *A kitchen. Practical (street) door in back flat. No other entrances or exits necessary. Kitchen table, covered with red and white checked cloth, at C., with chair at either side. At R. of C. is a kitchen cupboard, in which are dishes, pot, pans, etc. At L. is a wash bench, with basin and large piece of soap. Hanging over bench is a very much soiled roller towel and alongside is a small cracked mirror. WASHINGTON'S smoking jacket and a pair of large carpet slippers are on a chair, L. At L. is a small gas stove, on which are coffee pot, frying pan and tin pot.*

*At rise of curtain, HANNAH, softly humming a negro melody, is discovered engaged in the task of setting the table for the evening meal. As curtain is well up, she takes two loaves of bread from cupboard, goes to table and slices the bread, making two high stacks.*

HANNAH (*surveying sliced bread*). Dar. If dat ain't 'nough bread fo' Wash, he kin do widout. Dat man always complain' 'bout his appetite. (*Laughs.*) Law-zee, says he kaint eat much 'cause he's too much in love wid me. We been married jes' a year today. (*Gets about twenty potatoes from cupboard, sits and peels them while talking.*) Ah hopes Ah done got sufficient thereof potatoes fo' him. De longer we is married de moah he eats. Some folks say dat is merely de result ob mus' have somethin' to do, even if yo' am married. But Ah do hopes Wash gits 'nough to eat dis evenin', 'cause Ah'm powerful nervous like. Dis heah bein' our anniversary, Ah reckoned on givin' him a nice present. Now Ah don't has no money, but Ah does has a idea and Ah excutes it forthwid. Ah done has mah hair cut off, and Ah sold it to a hair-store lady. (*Runs a hand over head.*) Law-zee, Ah wonder what Wash say when he diskiver mah hair am went. But it kaint be helped. Ah jes' naturally has to had dat present fo' him. (*Glances cautiously all about, pulls large watch chain from front of*

*dress and holds it up admiringly.*) Dar it am. Ain't dat a beauty? Done cost me all mah hair, but it am worth it.

WASHINGTON (*off R., as if coming along the street*). Oh, Hannah! Heah comes yo' lovin' honey man. (*She quickly conceals chain in front of dress, jumps to feet, spilling and scattering the potatoes all over the floor, runs to door and opens it for his entrance.*)

*Enter WASHINGTON. They embrace and kiss with comedy business. He removes jumper and cap.*

WASHINGTON (*surveying table*). Hello! gwine to have company fo' supper?

HANNAH. If we is yo' go hungry. Dat ain't nawthin' but yo' reg'lar 'lowance.

WASHINGTON (*discovering scattered potatoes on floor*). Huh! Been playin' golf?

HANNAH. No, honey; Ah heered yo' yelp and Ah done git be nervous-like wid emotion. (*Aside.*) He ain't noticed mah hair yit.

WASHINGTON (*goes to wash bench, grumblingly*). Yo' jes' naturally got to 'member, Hannah, dat Ah likes mah taters cooked. (*Rolls up sleeves.*) Raw taters is all right fo' hogs.

HANNAH (*gets broom and dust pan from corner*). Yes, sah. Ah knows how yo' likes 'em. And Ah knows how hogs likes 'em. And dere ain't much difference, nuther. (*Sweeps up all the potatoes into dust pan, takes them to pot on stove and dumps them in, peelings and all; sweeps dust pan clean with broom into pot.*)

WASHINGTON (*meanwhile has been washing face and hands, and with eyes tightly closed feels about for towel*). Say, why don't yo' has a towel?

HANNAH. Dar am a towel. Say, yo' done got me dat nervous Ah don't know nawthin'.

WASHINGTON (*groping for towel*). Shucks, Ah didn't git yo' dat way. Yo' was jes' naturally born wid nawthin' on yo' mind but yo' hair.

HANNAH (*starts in seeming fright, blinks eyes and puts*



*one hand to back of head. Aside).* Law-zee, Ah wonder if he knows 'bout mah hair?

WASHINGTON (*finally locates towel, wipes face and hands, very carelessly; surveys towel*). Say, ain't it 'bout time yo' puts another towel up?

HANNAH (*grumblingly*). Say, Mister Lee, dar don't 'pear to be nawthin' dat suits yo' dis evenin'. Yo' been wipin' on dat towel fo' a month or mo' now, and dis am de fust time yo' complain 'bout it.

WASHINGTON (*whirls about and looks at her. She quickly places a hand to back of her head, concealing from him the loss of her hair*). Don't start nawthin'. 'Member dis am our anniversary.

HANNAH (*still with hand to head*). Ah ain't gwine start nawthin' Ah kaint finish.

WASHINGTON. What's de mattah wid yo'? Done got yo' a headache? (*Goes to smoking jacket and slippers.*)

HANNAH (*quickly takes hand from head, but conceals back of head from him by constantly keeping her face toward him as he moves about*). Naw; Ah ain't got me no headache.

WASHINGTON (*dons smoking jacket*). Ah'm glad ob dat. We don't has weddin' anniversaries ebery day. (*Sits and puts on slippers.*)

HANNAH (*aside and feeling back of head*). Ah'm glad ob it.

WASHINGTON (*rising*). Supper be long now, honey?

HANNAH (*backing to stove*). No, honey; jes' a few minutes. Will yo' has some more chicken?

WASHINGTON (*surprised*). Some *more*? Doggone it, Ah ain't never had *some* yit.

HANNAH. Dat's so; Ah done forgit. (*Aside.*) He ain't noticed mah hair yit.

WASHINGTON (*sits at table, elevates feet to top, leans back in chair and appears very comfortable*). Yo' knows dat man Ah works fo' now, he's Irish.

HANNAH. Yes?

WASHINGTON. He done axed me mah name. Ah tole

him Washington O'Brien Lee. He axed what de O'Brien was fo'.

HANNAH. What yo' tole him?

WASHINGTON. Ah done tole him dat it was fo' protection. (HANNAH *chuckles*.) Den Ah done axed him fo' some money on mah salary account.

HANNAH. What he say?

WASHINGTON. He done tole me to jump in de lake.

HANNAH. Well?

WASHINGTON. Ah done jump in de lake jes' as he tole me—when Ah come back he was gone. (WASHINGTON *slowly falls asleep, leaning back in chair, with feet on top of table*. HANNAH *keeps her eyes on him anxiously, and with both hands behind her back attempts to prepare the supper on the stove. Her comedy efforts finally result in her thrusting a hand in the supposedly boiling pot of water. She yells and jumps, fingers in mouth*. WASHINGTON, *at her first yell, loses his balance and falls backward to floor*.)

HANNAH (*dancing about in apparent agony*). Law-zee, Ah sure got suspicious dat Ah diskivered some powerful hot place, sudden-like.

WASHINGTON (*rising slowly to feet*). Say, what yo' mean by tryin' to 'liminate me—(*checks speech abruptly and gazes spellbound at her hair, blinking eyes, etc.*). Wha—wha—what's a mattah wid yo' head?

HANNAH (*trying to conceal back of head*). Why, whatta yo' mean, honey—mah hair?

WASHINGTON (*goes to her, grabs her wrist forcibly and swings her about, facing him, pointing an accusing finger at her shorn head*). Dar! Dat's what Ah mean. Yo' done got yo' hair 'liminated. How's come, gal?

HANNAH (*pleadingly*). Oh, honey, don't be rough wid yo' sugar-plum. Don't look dat way (*brokenly, with burlesque pathos*). Ah—Ah done it all fo' yo', honey-man!

WASHINGTON (*astonished*). Yo'—yo' done it all fo' me? 'Lucidate, gal; 'lucidate befo' Ah musses up de best room in de house wid yo'.

HANNAH (*fearfully*). Calm yo'self, honey; calm yo'self.

WASHINGTON (*threateningly*). Ah'll calm yo' in jes' a minute. How's come yo' got yo' a haircut in de hair?

HANNAH. Listen, honey. As Ah done says befo', Ah done it fo' yo', honey-man. Ah done it fo' yo'.

WASHINGTON. Yo' done what fo' me?

HANNAH. Ah done sold mah hair.

WASHINGTON (*recoiling with burlesque horror*). Yo' done sold yo' hair—yo' beautiful auburn black locks dat Ah was so proud of! Yo' beautiful tresses dat Ah loved to fondle and caress. Yo' done part wid dose glorious locks and tresses? (*Sobbing in burlesque, dramatic manner.*) Oh, gal, gal; how could yo'? How could yo'?

HANNAH. Don't take it so hard, honey-man; don't take it so hard. Listen. Ah tried ebery way fo' to save and scrape togedder some money fo' to buy yo' a anniversary present. (*Sighs.*) But twant no use. Dere was no money to be got togedder, nuther by scrapin' or odderwise. And den—and den—

WASHINGTON. Yes, and den what?

HANNAH. Ah done gits me a idea. Ah sells mah hair and buys yo' a present.

WASHINGTON. Oh, honey gal (*gaspingly sinks into a chair*).

HANNAH (*anxiously*). Ain't it all right what Ah done?

WASHINGTON. It am all right—and it am all wrong. (*Rises, goes to his jacket on chair, takes a package from pocket and comes back to her.*) Ah suppose what yo' done was all fo' de best, but—

HANNAH (*anxiously*). But what, honey-man?

WASHINGTON. Dat's fo' yo' (*hands package to her*).

HANNAH (*wonderingly*). Wha—what's dat?

WASHINGTON. Dat's a present Ah done gits fo' yo', gal.

HANNAH (*with blinking eyes, unwraps string, opens paper and takes out two large and flashy back combs, holds them up*). Law-zee! Hair combs! (*Comedy consternation.*)

WASHINGTON (*nods head*). Yes—hair combs. Hair combs, and now yo' got no hair.

HANNAH (*admiring them*). Mah goodness, dey is some class to dem. Dey mus' cost yo' a heap ob money.

WASHINGTON. Dey cost a-plenty (*assumes sorrowful attitude, elbows on knees and head in hands*).

HANNAH (*comfortingly*). Nevah mind, honey-man; mah hair will grow agin. Ah'll save de combs till mah hair grows long. (*Slyly takes watch chain from bosom of dress and conceals it in palm of hand.*) Yo' don't seem powerful interested like fo' to see de present what Ah buys yo'.

WASHINGTON (*groaning*). What's de use—what's de use! Dem beautiful auburn tresses am gone—my system has received too great a shock fo' to be interested in what yo' buys me.

HANNAH (*dangles chain in front of his face*). Look, man.

WASHINGTON (*slowly opens eyes, raises head and gazes at chain*). What!

HANNAH (*laughing*). Dat's fo' you', honey-man. Dat's what Ah buys wid mah hair. Ah buys dat fo' yo', so's dey don't laugh at yo' no mo' when yo' pulls out yo' watch. (*Dangles chain.*) Dere ain't nobody what kin laugh at yo' now, honey-man. Now let me take yo' watch while Ah hook on dis beautiful chain.

WASHINGTON (*rises slowly to feet, mechanically opens front of smoking jacket, slips a finger in vest pocket and draws forth a part of a watch chain, holds it up before her*). Dar yo' is.

HANNAH (*recoiling in surprise*). Dat? Why dat's yo' old chain. Whar's yo' watch?

WASHINGTON. Mah watch? Honey, Ah done pawned mah watch fo' to buy yo' dem gorgeous combs. (*HANNAH puts a hand to head, whirls and falls fainting into WASHINGTON'S arms, to—*)

QUICK CURTAIN.



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